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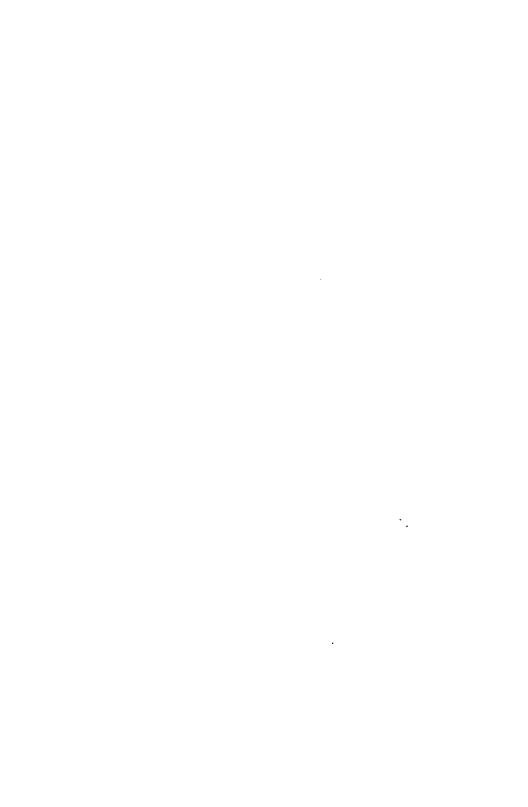




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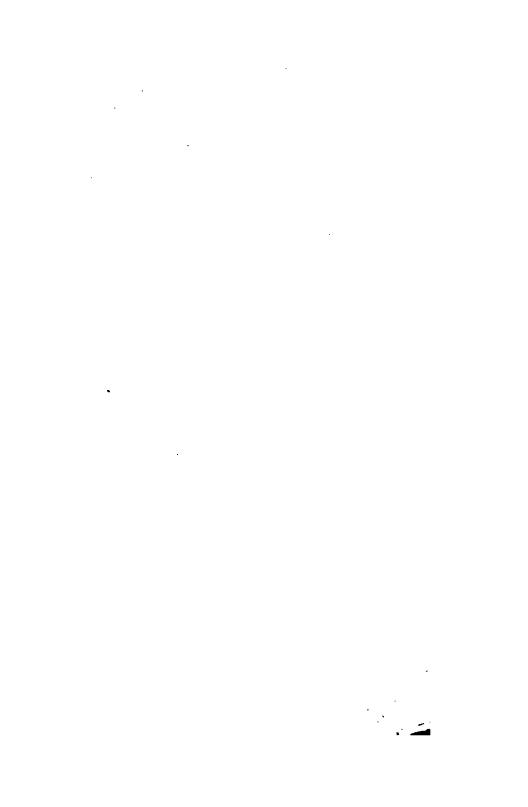
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Love for the muse frae this increas't,
Sic sangs to me were aye a feast;
In hopes o' fame I scribbl'd neist
Some queer-like sonnet,
Thinkin' wi' minor bards at least,
To cock my bonnet.

But, being early sent to wark,
In thread-bare breeks an' cloutet sark,
For lack o' lear I in the dark
Was left to stammer,
An' critics keen may weel remark
My want o' grammar.

E'en let them do 't, wha cares a boddle—
Their silly jeers ne'er rack my noddle;
Still wi' the muse I onward toddle,
As weel's I dow,
An' get, at times, a ha'flin's cuddle,
Whar burnies row.

Nane ken the bliss beyond compare,
The sweet sensations, rich an' rare,
That whyles our humble bardship's share,
By craggy glen,
Hid frae the low, unfeeling stare
O' warldly men.

Tho' noo we're far frae bonny Clyde,
Sweet Leven vale an' Cartha's side,
Whar life's gay morn did swiftly glide,
Ere care we knew,
As free 's wild flowers in summer' pride,
When bath'd in dew.

We mauna let the auld Scotch whissle Lie dormant like a rotten mussel, While ither poet's mak' a fussel—

Micht deave the bugs,

Was ever kent our hardy thrissle

To hing its lugs.

Is there a lan' the warld a' roun',

Mair fam'd for sage o' judgment soun?

Had even Greece a ploughman loon

Frae the hill side,

Like him that sang o' bonny Doon,

Auld Scotland's pride.

Wha ever did the sword unsheath

Mair dauntless on the fiel' o' death,

For God, their king, an' native heath?

An', when victorious,

Wha kept their fae as free o' skaith,

Wi' feeling glorious.

Wha e'er was kent waur to subdue,
An' neath the tyrant's yoke to bow,
Unflinching as the stern true blue
Auld Cameronians,
An wha's in love mair stanch an' true
Than Caledonians?

Then cheer thy muse sae dear to fame—
My brither bard, (I loe the name,)
Come, licht thy soul up to a flame,
An' gie 's a spring.
There's beauties here as weel's at hame,
For thee to sing.

There's fragrant flowers o' every dye, Beneath the blue ethereal sky, An' balmy bowers, whar lovers sigh
At evening still,
Ere hymen's blessfu' sacred tie
Joy's goblet fill.

But need I tell a chiel like thee
That scans, wi' philosophic e'e,
The starry heavens, earth, an' sea,
What's to be seen?
Thou maun excuse a gowk like me,
My worthy freen'.

Noo get thy rhymin' graith in fettle,
An' gie 's a blaud to shaw thy mettle;
Be 't sang or sonnet, clear or kittle,
Proceed to wark,
An' while death spares his dreadfu' whittle,
I'm yours, Bob. Clark.

FAIRMOUNT, 12th April, 1846.

ANSWER TO RAB CLARK.

DEAR RAB

Your welcome letter came,
In course of post, to hand;
But Robin, it gars me think shame,
To bleeze me to the land.
Where ye learnt a' my qualities
I canna understand.
But I'll some stern realities
Rehearse, as ye command,
Wi' grief, this day.

I dinna think ye mean to fleech
In what ye say o' me;
A flatterer's heart could never teach
His pen sic' minstrelsy:
But still I think poetic spunk
Has made thy verse rin free;
And gi'en thy judgment the begunk,
Enough to drive 't ajee
A thocht, ae day.

'Mang saul's like thine to be a bard
I ken nae higher honor;
But when my clinkum has been heard,
Or name been owned, I won'er!
That I'm provoked whiles to rhyme,
An' deal a random lunner
At haverels, at an orra time,
Like a' the nameless hunner,
Is true this day.

The only special call I feel
In me the bard revealing,
I like twa women unco weel,
My Mither and my Helen.
I love the smile in a' bright e'en,
Yet that's but human feeling;
The she ideals bards ha'e seen,
I own but little skill in;
Waes me the day!

For crawling roun' amang the knowes,
In sunshine and in shower,
Chasing bright thoughts ower heights and howes,
Like rattons by a brewer.

Or daidlin' alang some burnside
My rusty wit to scour,
I scorn; but if a stream beside,
I count what water power
It'll gi'e, some day.

The fields, to me, are loveliest,
When veiled by waving grain;
The woods, whose timmer serves the best
The saw-mill and the plane;
And hills sublime are, filled wi' ore,
Or even 'guid free stane,
But thinking frae their taps to glower
Right into heav'n, 's insane
This time o' day.

Twa things completely bar the door

Atween me an' the muse;
I canna common sense deplore,
Nor carefu' men abuse.
I see bards aye ha'e faults to fin'
Wi' manners quiet and douce,
Now my ain failins make me blin'
To a thing but the excuse
For folk ilk day.

Auld Scotia! glorious in Langsyne!

I lo'e thee weel, dear mither!

But a' men kneel at beauty's shrine,
And thou begins to wither;

Hail fair Columbia! peerless maid!

Wha' that kens thee can swither!

To leave his minney, and to wed
A' virtues put thegither?

O happy day!

'Tis true, she's but a lassy yet,—
But nane's mair slee' and witty;
She got Jock Bull in a hose net
And sorted him fu pritty.
Nae doubt she has some bairnly ways;
The niggers, mair's the pity,
Hing for a bussle at her stays;
An' eye sore stan' or sit aye,
She'll men' some day.

Poets foretell of her, whose words
Are sparks o' heaven's air fire;
Before whose sunlike blaze, all bards
Are glow-worms in the mire:
"The glory of the earth she'll be;"
"Of nations the desire;"
Monarch's she'll prove a feekless lee,
Priestcraft an' Augian byre,
Unmuck'd, some day.

Frae premises like these you've found
Wi' bards I've ne'er been brithered;
Nae wushin apron hath around
My spavin'd loins been gathered.
Still tho' I only croon mysel,'
I'm unco easy tethered
By strains like yours, that far excel
Some that ha'e amply feathered
Warm nests, this day.

JAMES M. MORRISON.

PHILADELPHIA, 23d April, 1846.

Or daidlin' alang some burnside
My rusty wit to scour,
I scorn; but if a stream beside,
I count what water power
It'll gi'e, some day.

The fields, to me, are loveliest,
When veiled by waving grain;
The woods, whose timmer serves the best
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Some that ha'e amply feathered
Warm nests, this day.

JAMES M. MORRISON.

PHILADELPHIA, 23d April, 1846.

ANSWER TO J. MORRISON.

Wha winna rest content wi' this epistle,

Let him sit down an' flyte, or stan' an' whistle.

The flyting betwixt Montgomery and Pelwart.—Ed. 1629.

DEAR JAMIE: Thro' wi' tenty care
I've read your witty stanzas,
But, by my fegs, I'm puzzled sair,
Wi' your new fangl'd fancies.
It seems to me ye winna spare
A line that like romance is,
In my unpolish'd rhyming ware,
Fu' o' extravagancies,
I'm sure this day.

Yet, auld dame Nature, mixing up
Life's dregs like doctor's potions,
Had sprinkl'd in my destin'd cup
Some queer romantic notions,
Whilk dings the pith o' reason's whup
Out me to lash or lecture;
Sae unrestricted still I sup
The dear, deluding nectar—
Sae sweet this day.

This gars me sometimes musing stray,
On simmer's dewy morn,
Admiring God in flow'rets gay,
As weel's in yellow corn;
An' when bleak winter's cauld blasts blaw,
An' lovely verdure's torn,
I pleasure fin' in wreaths o' snaw,
That hill an' dale adorn—
Sublime that day.

The waterfa' is dear to me,
I loe its stirring din;
The boundless torrent, dashing free,
Sets a' my saul in tune;
Altho' it never aid shou'd gi'e
To skillfu' man's invention,
But journey onward to the sea,
Wi' wayward inattention
To art ilk day.

Nae doubt productive schemes are good,
That ne'er can be disputed;
But finer feelings never shou'd
By them be e'er outrooted.
That man seems like a pulseless block
Whase min' is only suited
To plodding life's unceasing yoke,
I trow there's few will doubt it,
Like you this day.

Plain common sense, ye do assert,
The hair-brain'd bard abhors,
But aught frae wisdom's path apart
He in his heart adores.
This sophistry may please a few
Unmeaning, selfish bores,
Wi' brainless skulls like pats o' glue,
To feeling dead as doors—
I'm sure this day.

Auld Scotia's glorious youthfu' days, Ye say ye loe fu' dearly; But frankly noo ye yield the bays To uncle Samie fairly. He's surely used you unco weel—Ye rouse him up sae rarely;
To me, I own, he's aye been leal,
But yet, his blessings sparely
I taste ilk day.

Ye say he's play'd the vera deil
Wi' our auld neibor Johnny,
But Jock's a gey auld-farrant chiel'—
His equal's no in mony:
An' when he gets close at his back
His trusty brither Sauney,
Lord help the loons that they attack,
For really they're no canny
On them that day.

But still, I hope far aff's the day
That Sam an' Jock should grapple,
Like tigers wild, in bluidy fray,
At ane anither's thrapple.
Sma' joy 'twad gi'e to see Jock's head
Cut aff like a pipe stapple,
An' his warm heart's bluid, reeking red,
Splash'd like an auld wife's sapple
About that day.

Nay, rather let the carles meet
Blyth owre a pint o' yill,
An' kindly ane anither greet,
In freenly free guid will.
An' even should they disagree
'Bout some auld barren hill,
May they ne'er kick nor cuffet gi'e,
Ilk ither's bluid to spill
In wrath that day.

But here the muse maun quat her sang,
Or random hame-spun blether,
For she's a gossip loud an' lang,
Whase tongue deserves a tether.
But spurn na, Jamock, at her slang,
Let sleeping dogs lie rather,
Or aiblins she'll gi'e thee a stang
As keen as ony enther,
Some ither day.

ROBERT CLARK.

FAIRMOUNT, 5th May, 1846.

REPLY TO RAB CLARK'S SECOND EPISTLE.

"Carbair feared to stretch forth his hand to the bards, though his soul was dark."—OSSIAN.

ATTACK the poets? No, Rab, no!
Forbid I should mak' them my foe—
The telegraph itsel' is slow
To their quick ire:
To save my skin, I humbly bow,
Most potent sire.

Better be bed rid a' my days—
My smoothest couch a bag o' flaes—
Pillows and bowster fell sting rays,
And at the en',
Be dabt to death, as granny says,
Wi' a clockin' hen.

Its no so much the awfu' lickin', The lashin', cuttin', stabbin', prickin', Tho' what I've thol'd a sow wad sicken,

That worries me;
But a' my friens are stampin', kickin',

Wi' perfect glee.

I ca'd on Jock the ither night,
The tears o' fun obscured his sight—
Willie, he roared wi' a' his might,
And Meg guffawed,
That waefu' letter was sae bright,
I'm clean o'ercrawed.

We hirpl'd hame, the wife and me,
Burden'd wi' what I had to dree,
My bonnet toom'd o' the last bee,
As far's I know it,
When, Robin Clark, wha should I see
But Burns the poet.

I'm gey an' certain ye'll believe ane—What motive hae I to deceive ane?

Forbye Professor Bush is stieve in,

And argues stout,

That spirits walk the worl' we live in,

Wilk bars a doubt.

Weel, just as we're gawn by the square,
Fornent auld Howca' 't's common stair,
Up comes a man wi' solemn air,
Just richt before me;
I started, his unearthly glare
Cast an awe ower me.

Grief and stern determination
Gleamed upon his ghastly brow—
Burns it was by the expression,
And the far-famed holly bough;

But the leaves nae langer glistered
In the fresh Castalian dew,
And the berries, scorched and blistered,
Looked like goregouts to the view.

Dress'd as in the morning early,
He gaed out to muse and stroll,
But blood-sprinkled stalks o' barley
Stack in his breast button hole.
'Neath his oster was that whistle
Worn wi' sounding Scotland's praise,
And he held a wither'd thistle,
Emblem sad o' waefu' days:

- "Hear me, Scotchman," said the spirit,

 "In the grave's nae rest for me,

 Now I can nae longer bear it,

 And I come for help to thee.

 No for aught o' genius in thee,

 But thou's willin' to the wark;

 A' I want is but to send thee

 Wi' an erran' to Rab Clark,
- "See this holly wilted, shrunken;
 See what I'm condemned to dree,
 A' my fame howl'd by the drunken,
 O'er their cursed "barley brie."
 No a Scot reduced to ruin.
 Ne'er a sot an idiot turns,
 But the cause of his undoin'
 Is traced up to me, Rab Burns.
 - "By the power that gave me genius, By my love for Scotland's fame, Clad in flesh, I'd cramp the sinews O' the rogues that cause the shame.

As Rab Clark dreads my desertion,
And wad gie my spirit rest;
He must lend his best exertion
To destroy the vulture's nest.

"As Scots cease to wat their whistle,
Mine shall be the mair in tune,
And our auld and honored thistle
Spring again like flowers in June.
Rab can do mair than I've minted—
To excite him ye may tell,
If he prospers he's no stinted
Frae the Holly wreath himsel'.

"Let him use his brilliant talents,
Sae as yield him safe returns;
And let weaker wits write ballants,
On auld ditches, sheuchs and burns."

Frae this ye'll see, anither warl

Has nae ways brightened up the carle,
Yet ye'll allow he spake a harl

O' common sense.

Whan will ye show the whiskey barrel

Your trick o' fence?

JAMES M. MORRISON.

HAT SHOP, No. 3 LA GRANGE ST., Philadelphia, May, 1846.

THIRD EPISTLE TO J. MORRISON.

"A wee soup drink does unco weel
To haud the heart aboon,
Its gude as lang's a canna chiel
Can staun steeve in his shoon."

FERGUSON.

Wow, Jamie, but I fidg'd fu' fain
Whar ye begin yer canty strain
'Bout Jock an' Mag guffawin',
An' Willie roarin' clean outricht,
Whilk put you in an unco plicht,
Tho' me ye're aiblins blawin'.
But then, as flatt'ry's sae in vogue,
Should we condemn it? no!
Plain Mr. Blunt's shunn'd like a rogue,
An' Prince Puff's a' the go.
What treasure gies pleasure
Here to the grave or gay,
Sae sweetly completely,
As fame's celestial ray?

But as for me, puir luckless wicht,
E'er to attempt an ærial flicht
Wi' sic an en' in view,
Is downricht madness, naething less,
Like follies carried to excess,
That sting us thro' an' thro'
Tho' nature has gi'en me a spark,
That brichtens up by turns,
She ne'er allow'd the name o' Clark
Should be compared wi' Burns.
Auld Rabby sæ gabby,
His numbers sweetly shaw,
The fairest, the rarest,
He towers aboon them a'.

But to proceed—I've ta'en the blues
At the uncouthly waefu' news
Ye gie frae Robin's ghaist;
Yer Bee had scarsly left you there,
If out yer bonnet, 'mang yer hair,
I trow ye yet may trace 't.
I doubt na but Rab's saul, sae great,
Has lang been laid at rest,
An' if there be a future state,
He'll number wi' the blest.
The canting an' ranting,
Wi' hypocrits pell mell,
'Bout's ailings an' failings,
Micht sent him thrice to hell.

Wha' e'er believ'd man sic a fool,
Sae lost to reason's wiser rule,
As drink beyond a' conscience,
Because Rab in a merry key
Sang sweet the praise o' barley-bree?
It's low confounded nonsense.
When tir'd at e'en, gie me a rest,
Whyles wi' a social crony—
Owre reamin' bickers o' the best,
That mak' us blest as ony.
How happy owre nappy,
Our auld forebears hae been;
Wha doubts it an' houts it

Ne'er should the feeling breast that warms
Wi' freenship's glowing sacred charms,
Be cool'd by cuif's palavers,
Whilk some consider won'rous great,
Tho I can see they're deevil haet,
But daft teetotal haivers.

Are perfect fu' o' speen.

But, Jamie, dinna tak' me wrang,
The best o' freens may differ;
Mae hae been gull'd wi' their weak slang,
An 's been on't aiblins stiffer.
Sae hooly an' cooly,
Let us attack the barrel,
I've ne'er yet seen clear yet,
Great cause wi' 't e'er to quarrel,

Let tumphies raise an unco clatter
In praise o' halsome caller water—
A wiser man, I ween,
Says "strong drink gie to them that mourn,
That joy within the breast may burn,
Whar sorrow erst has been,"
We need na rage against the fire,
Tho' it should chance to burn us,
Nor vent on seas our vengefu' ire,
Tho' tempests there owreturn us.
Nae, rather let's gather
The sweets frae nature's haun,
At leisure, wi' pleasure,
An' let man's frailities staun.

Noo, if ye'll be advis'd by me—
Ye ken a fool may counsel gie
To men o' wisdom strang—
Let change-fo'k douse rest in their rags,
Or they may hire some wicked hags
On thee to ride the stang.
But kittle up yer auld Scotch heart,
Whyles wi' the social drappy,
For naething ever had the art
To mak' us ha'f sae happy.

Sae sweetly an' fleetly
Auld time flees owre us then,
Inspiring an' firing
Us mortal sons o' men.

ROBERT CLARK.

FAIRMOUNT, 20th May, 1846.

ANSWER TO THE THIRD EPISTLE OF ROBERT CLARK.

ANENT DRINK.

"OF a' the ills puir Caledonia Ever preed or e'er shall taste, Brew'd in Hell's dark Pandemonia, Whisky ills beset her maist."

McNEIL.

And so my word, sir, ye dare doubt it,
For less, folk's haffits hae been clouted,
Aye, tasted Hielan' steel;
And were I o' the reverend claith,
And could na maun your temp'ral death,
Your soul's might do as weel.
But, as we're searching after truth,
Unbound by man's commands,
'Bout what is best to slocken drouth,
Frae wrath I wash my hands.
In kindness your blindness
To try and cure believe,
For others, our brothers,
In these puir lines I strive.

"A wee soup drink does unco weel,"

Quo Ferguson, and hame did reel,

To starve, and die on strae;

"Lease me on drink," sang Scotland's pride,
And brak his noble heart and died—
O! hellish source o' wae.
I'e too, awe thee a day in har'st,
Thou Pandemonian essence,
Get a' the advocates thou darest,
To meet my injured presence.
The howling and scowling,
O' tapsters and sic gear,
To me now, a fice now,
Is mair a source of fear.

My heavy curse seize on the stell,
And plunge it in the abyss of hell,
Midst jubilates of loafers,
Who, saved, shall form mild mercy's fence,
To kep the awe-struck rogues that ance
Deceivers were and scoffers.
And noo my stomach's clear o' that,
Let's turn back to the ghaist,
And here a proof occurs richt pat—
I'm a somnambulist.

A jury assure ye,
In a mair solemn cause,
That, sleepin', a deep ane
May thrive and break the laws.

Quo ye—"If there's a future state:"
There's need o' ane, at any rate,
For bards as well as tailors.
If there's nae ither life than this,
The present is the paradise
O' rum sellers and jailors.
In what consists the happiness
O' the sweet bard o' Dee,

But that the midnight of distress

Before joy's morn shall flee?

Man's sadness to gladness

Shall yield the day or lang,

And change folk, thae strange folk,

Nae mair shall sing this sang.

DRUNKEN SANGS-No. I.

Let Mexico send out her craft
For privateers an' a' that,
To risk our lives we're no sae daft,—
We've sharper shears than a' that.
For a' that an' a' that,
Their guns and swords an' a' that,
Drink and hurra, the license law
Our lettere o' marque we ca' that.

Observe that moustached gentle slip
In gaiter breeks an' a' that,
We count him our East Indi' ship,
An' cast our cleeks ower a' that.
For a' that an' a' that,
His father's gear an' a' that,
We'll never halt till a' his gelt
Be ower his throat for a' that.

Our merchant ships are grocer chiels,
And dry goods men, an' a' that:
We weather on them unco weel,
And treat, an' fleech, an' jaw that.
For a' that an' a' that,
The gambling rooms an' a' that,
'Tween early drams an' midday crams,
Their stock turns unco sma' that.

Your blith hard fisted working man,
Green roundabout, an' a' that—
He's but a coarse catamaran,
But worth our while to draw that.
For a' that an' a' that,
His wife an' bairns, an' a' that,
May weep and mourn, we treat wi' scorn
Sic sympathetic blaw's that.

That all forsaken human wreck,
Society's fell flaw that,
Tho' ne'er a stump's aboon the deck,
We dinna fling awa that.
For a' that an' a' that,
His stinkan rags an' a' that,
While he can steal an' drink, what deil?
The coffin lid co'ers a' that.

Forbye, we hae a gainfu' corps—;
The pirate fleet we ca' that.

For them we keep our private door—
It wadna do to shaw that.

For a' that an' a' that,
The watches, rings, an' a' that,
When out o' cash we never fash,
But han' o'er to the law that.

Now, here we are, a burley clan,
Wha ale an' whiskey draw that,
We drink confusion to the man
Who strives our trade to fa' that.
For a' that an' a' that,
Jock Chalmers' growl, an' a' that,
We hope the day's no far away,
When such are in our paw's that.

James M. Morrison.

HAT SHOP, 3 LA GRANGE ST., May, 1846.

FOURTH EPISTLE TO J. MORRISON.

"AH! who can tell how hard it is to climb The steep where fame's proud temple shines afar! Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime Hath felt the influence of malignant star, And wag'd with fortune an eternal war. Check'd by the scoff of pride, by envy's frown, And poverty's unconquerable bar. In life's low vale remote hath pin'd alone, Then dropt into the grave, unpitied and unknown."

BEATTIE

O! Jamie, dool an' sorrow on yer sang, Yer muse, sae camsheugh, noo's gaen fairly gyte, My breast indignant gowps wi' many a pang, Since she has gi'en intemp'rance a' the wyte Of blighting in their bloom the vot'ries bright, Of Scottish poesy, the heaven-taught twain, Whose strains shall thousands yet unborn delight, While nature's impulse human hearts contain, Till time itsel' turn tir'd, an' waxeth wane.

'Twas penury an' mankind's cauld neglect, That owre the dawning genius threw a gloom Of youthfu' Ferguson, wi' laurels deckt, An' laid him prematurely in the tomb. What pity 'tis sic stars, that sae illume The warld, should sink unnotic'd by the great. O! could my muse a nobler mien assume, Man's dormant finer feeling to elate, That they may mourn the hapless minstrel's fate.

A chilling langour crush'd the stately frame Of Burns immortal, Scotia's darling bard, Whom hell-sprung envy struggl'd to defame Wi' base insinuations, that retard

The blaze of fame, the poet's just reward.

Wi' saul susceptible to feeling keen,

Wha's aft "on life's rough ocean luckless star'd,"

Tho' for its buffets maist unfit, I ween,

Of a' the sons o' men that e'er has been.

Alas! owre late his beauties a' we prize,
Uneas'd, he groans 'neath sorrow's galling load;
His plaints o' wae the listless crowd despise,
Till tenanted within his last abode.
His worth's unknown, uncar'd for, as the sod
That wraps his weari'd, care-worn, lifeless clay,
While fortune's fool is worship'd as a god,
Wha' glitt'ring toys an' titles can display
The empty butterflee o' life's short day.

O! wha on earth can openly reveal

How nature plays her strange mysterious part?

How her ain bairns are born the scourge to feel

Of sad affliction, wi' its ruthless smart?

How frae them flees the gaiety o' heart

That sweetens life's low vale sae rapt'rously?

While dire despondency, wi' rancorous dart,

Gars them to gilded scenes o' folly flee,

To drown their cares in midnicht revelry.

O! far be 't frae my simple muse to praise
Excessive draining o' the flowing bowl;
But farther be 't frae her e'er to debase
The mod'rate cup, that soothes misfortune's scowl,
Let renovated drunkards gab an' growl,
Still thus shall flow my unpretending strain;
They who for vast extremes would fiercely prowl,
Can ne'er true knowledge o' the case attain,
But turn their ha'f-craz'd heads wi' notions vain.

But, Jamie, still let's keep frae harb'ring spite,
Yer muse, tho' rather crabbit's bauld an' strang;
Sae noo in peace let's en' this ha'flins flyte,
For harmless jokes whyles en' in strife's fell bang.
Nae charms for me has wild war's deadly clang—
I ne'er yet long'd to wield sword, spear, or lance,
But if attack'd by low marauding gang,
I'd staun till death upon my ain defence,
An' aiblin's shaw they'd met their match for ance.

But laith still would I be, my honor'd freen,
'Gainst thee to strive in furious bluidy broil;
Thou kens hawks ne'er should dab out ither's een,
Then ne'er may discord in our bosoms boil.
O! gentle peace, tho' fortune frown or smile,
Be thou my close companion, e'en and morn;
Thou cheers distress, an' lichten's weary toil—
Frae thee we pu' the rose without a thorn,
More precious far than gems that courts adorn.

And O! may He, whose word is life and light,
Teach me the ways of wisdom to pursue,
That, unprepar'd, I may not see the night
Of death approach, with dark despair in view.
Atheists may boast their fears of death are few—
This but betrays their narrowness of soul—
The lovely flow'rets sweet, of every hue,
The planet's vast and mighty oceans roll,
Show there's some great governor of the whole.

A world beyond the grave I don't dispute—
All's wisely ruled by Heaven's eternal King;
That man should live and die as does the brute,
Or animation's meanest paltry thing,
To me, alas, no solace sweet can bring.

How hopeless is the sceptic's barren track, While Christian faith is like an angel's wing, In readiness, when storms life's barque attack, To save us from the horrid sinking wreck.

ROBERT CLARK.

FAIRMOUNT, 29th May, 1846.

ANSWER TO RAB CLARK'S FOURTH EPISTLE.

BEING THE ROOT O' THE MATTER.

And others, like your humble servan',
Poor wights! nae rules or roads observin',
To right or left eternal swervin'
They zigzag on,
Till, curst wi' age, obscure an' starvin',
They aften groan.''—Buans.

Dear Rab—Lord bless thy pawky, feeling heart,
And spare thee lang to sing and taunt thy frien';
"Our halfians flyte" wi' rancor has nae part,
"For falcons winna pike out falcon's e'en."
'Gainst noble birds I never cherish spleen,
But glory in their beauty, strength, and sang;
Far different bipeds stir up my chagrine,
Wha's feathers I'll make fly afore its lang,
Nae odds to me wha thinks I'm in the wrang.

Hail Saturday at e'en! thou eve of joy!

Dark harbinger to morn of memory bright!

Now ends the weary sax days hard employ—

Toil can afford her sons ae day's respite;

But, just fornent the winnock were I write,

A cursed vulture nourishes his flock,

And a' the layin' hens, as if gaen gyte,

There lay their gowden eggs, ilk bubbly jock, Industrious goose, sage duck, and dandy midden cock.

Simple, hard workin' fowls, ye howk the worms,
And let the lion's share gang past your maws,
To birds of prey of a' the varied forms—
Especially ye feed the reverend craws.
Hail flocks o' greedy wee sectarian daws,
Hoodocks prelatic, corbies slee o' Rome;
But, big or wee, they a' cry ca-sh, ca-sh, caw-sh!
Pay for your souls, "tho' a' should starve at home,
Better a plucking now than roasting yet to come."

Then there 's the howlets o' the daily press,
Sucking the dirty garbage o' black mail,
Taking advantage o' ilk chance distress
To pu' anither feather frae your tail,
Blawing you round wi' every party gale.
Weel screen'd themselves, they raise the war halloo—
But you, what were the lees which they retail?
Our Colonel, Rab, belongs not to that crew,
He's game—the howlet tribe cry "Cleri-whoo!"

God bless the men that labor wi' their hands
To feed their bodies and support their bairns!
The prayer is heard, the blessings He commands—
What but his handiwork are sun and stairns?
Ilk child of industry dependence learns
On Him alanerly, and so thy loom
Thy altar is; my censer is my airns.
O' lively gratitude our hearts ne'er toom,
We sing just as we feel, nor heed rich haverels gloom.

How different is dependence on the great?

Can man be great and yet depend on men?

Bards satarize the emptiness o' state,
Yet lick its spittle wi' baith tongue and pen—
Their sycophantic rhymin' has nae en'.
Never content but when they're in the cage,
Like singin' birds, that grudge their sang to spen'
On the free field, they choose a meaner stage,
And say "poor Polly" for a paltry wage.

O! had our Burns but keepit to the plew,
And Fergusson to "law's dry musty arts,"
The great's neglect they ne'er had cause to rue,
Nor cared a boddle what "they waste at cartes,"
A genius, shrined in love of lowly hearts,
The strongest hate is powerless to pursue;
In life's low vale, wha play their humble parts,
The weal of other men the end in view,
Have ae great friend, that ne'er his aid withdrew,

I ken my muse is crabbit—she's a bairn,
Born out o' time, and humphie to the boot;
And wi' the loss o' sisters she's forefairn,
Vexed that to ane like me she has to loot,
So that for months she'll whiles sit in the poot,
Till ain may aiblins mention in her hearing
That some heaven gifted soul has turn'd about,
And selfish fame and fortune's course is steering,
Then positively, Rab, she's past a' bearing.

Come, a' ye learned seniors, wise and douce,
Come, wabster Rab, and help to read the riddle;
Lets choose the quietest, saftest seated house,
And place the very wisest in the middle.
Why, if ane sings a sang, or plays the fiddle,
Dances or preaches, spouts or makes a face,
Or, like oursels in rhyme should aiblins driddle,

Must think a usefu' trade a foul disgrace, And than mechanics claim a higher place?

Fly frae our sight, ye loathsome beasts o' prey,
That eat God's people as if they were bread;
The night was yours, but now approaches day,
The mighty working man lifts up his head—
Too long 'twas yours upon his rights to tread.
If food you wish, bow to his kingly power;
He scorns to starve you, or your blood to shed,
But bread o' idleness nane can devour—
Down to you wark! ye needna stan' an' glower!

For praise o' men—a word or twa on that—I ask is 't worth the freedom o' the mind?

Kent ye e'er ony body that grew fat
On flattery or snuffin' the east wind?

But when I'm dead, dear Robin, be sae kind,
For auld lang syne, as write my epitaph!

To your ain bosom let this be confin'd—
My inconsistency might cause a laugh—
So, as its wearin' late, I think I'd best knock aff.

JAMES M. MORRISON.

91 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, June, 1836.

FIFTH AND LAST EPISTLE TO J. MOR-RISON, PQET LAUREATE.

"Overt I to cow'r an' wag my fud
To some great lord of noble blood,
As little Snap does to his master,
Watching his eye and every gesture,
Reading my fate in every motion,
Paying obsequious devotion,

My all depending on his will, His frown my death, my bliss his smile?

"I'd rather drive a wheelless shuttle, Wi' wooden tips instead o' metal, The wab a blunk, wi' twa blue lizzars, A rusty knife in place o' scissors, The seat a stab, the heel-pins rotten, The lay hung gleed, the keels forgotten, The brushes worn down to the brods. A tradle split in twa for rods, The yarn misbet, the comb a card, The dressing box a broken shard, · The borestaff-cord auld knotted rapes, The heddle-shafts a' different shapes, The fan my hat, fill my ain pirns, Sip pease-brose wi' my wife an' bairns, Submit to feast but twice a year On penny pies an' hunter's beer, A ragged coat, my beard neglected-To this, an' worse, I'll be subjected Before I worship flesh an' blood-Na, faith, I'm aff anither brood."

MACINDOE.

Wi' sorrow sad, auld-farren carle,
Sworn fae to rum or whiskey barrel,
Reformer o' this wicked warl',
On bended knee,
At last I yield thee up the laurel
Wi' tearfu' e'e.

Farewell, noo, gowden dreams o' fame, Farewell, vain hopes o' deathless name, Thou 'st thrown cauld water on the flame That lang I've cherish'd;

E'en be it sae, as deep a scheme Hae aften perish'd.

Nae mair, noo, barmy-headed fools Need rant an' rave 'gainst wisdom's rules, But closer stick to labor's tools,

Like sober men,

Their fi'ry edge thy judgment cools,

Or I'm mista'en.

Thanks to my stars, I'm stout an' teugh
As mony a chiel that hauds a pleugh—
Tho' life's road be a kennin' rough,
I'll gallop thro'.
Cauld adverse winds, wi' angry sough,
Adieu! adieu!

O! Jamie, blessings on thy head,
Frae folly's snare thy precepts lead—
My shuttle noo shall flee wi' speed—
A''s wrang without it.
The age o' reason's come indeed,
Wha noo need doubt it?

Ye priests an' spouters, low buffoons,
Lan'-loupin' ballant-singer loons,
Vile rhymsters, wi' yer vague lampoons,
O' every grade,
The deil be in yer cracked crowns,
Ye lazy squad.

Come, noo, at Morrison's comman',
An' bow to labor's mighty man;
If bread ye want, his liberal han'
Shall plenty gie—
His giant powers shall rule the lan',
By heaven's decree.

To usefu' trades noo aff maun pack, The greedy corbies clad in black, An' senseless bards no worth a plack:

Lick-spittle trash,

Wha sense an' haivins sae attack

In balderdash.

My certie, Jamie, thou 'rt a smasher,
The idle drone's severest lasher,
Yer muse, ye say, ye seldom fash 'er,
The humphie jad;
For guid sake, nae mair thus slabdash 'er,
Or she'll rin mad.

To thee she's been a faithfu' queen,
An' 's shown thee ferlies great, I ween—
Man's faults an' failings clear an' clean
She lays before thee,
While a' but haverals fu' o' spleen,
Praise an' adore thee.

The mighty millions yet unborn
Shall rise to cheerfu' toil ilk morn,
As blyth's the lark owre fields o' corn,
Inspir'd by thee,
An' tyrants shall frae power be torn—
All shall be free.

How blest had we been a' this day,
Had power supreme but will'd it sae,
That thy effulgent glorious ray,
O' brightest cast,
Had on the warl' beam'd as gay
A century past.

But let us a' contented be—
Noo workmen's kingly power we'll see,

Fame's empty bubbles noo shall flee,

Like cauf before us,

An' folly 'll sing in mournfu' key,

Her farewell chorus.

Rejoice! rejoice! frae shore to shore,
Ye hitherto o'erburthen'd poor,
What hours o' bliss are noo in store
For you indeed;
The reign o' error noo is o'er—
The captive's freed.

O! rare, redundant Morrison!
In freedom's cause go on! go on!
Blood-suckers under thee shall groan—
They've lost the day.
No more shall starving millions moan—
Huzza! huzza!

And when at last thou 'rt gently prest,
In calm repose, to death's cold breast,
No stone need mark thy place of rest,
For to the skies,
From working millions, truly blest,
Thy fame shall rise.

Sae noo I'll throw aside my pen,
My doggerel crooning's at an en'.
Determin'd noo nae more to spen'
My precious time,
Courtin' the muse, by dell or den,
For useless rhyme.

ROBERT CLARK.

FAIRMOUNT, 15th June, 1846.

ANSWER TO RAB CLARK'S FIFTH. EPISTLE.

BEING EXPOSTULATORY AND PROPHETIC.

"Till up loups he wi' diction fu',
There's lang an' dreigh contesting,
For now they'r near the point in view,
Now ten miles frae the question."

FERGUSON.

THANKS Chesterfield, for ance, for thy advice—
Seldom, indeed, thy schule I mean to bother;
Mutton may do, but morals kept in ice
Seem hardly fit for spiritual fother.
The heart o' man thy cauld-rife maxims smother,
Yet whiles for dainties as we take ice cream;
So thy advice, "Suspect a friend or brother
Whose praise unqualified flows like a stream,
His honeyed words a stab, his praise keen satire deem."

But thou's aboon suspicion, Robin Clark,
Unmask'd as unprovok'd is thy lampoon;
In braid day-light thou tak'st a sicker mark
To wound a freen', to shoot a comrade down;
Ye've miss'd yer mark, take back the laurel crown,
Its but a band roun' a fool's cap an' bells;
The tawdry diadem, the tinklin' soun',
A sick'nin' tale o' human folly tells—
But they that like the ban' may wear the cap themsel's.

Thy unaffected genuine "Scottish wit,"
Whilk Jamie Hogg remarks is "deevilage dry,"
Aye pleas'd and warm'd me, tho' mysel' it hit,
For it was thine, nor, "'bar ye," e'er said I;
But in your last ye stop the rich supply,

And follow wi' the low, unhonor'd thrang
O' bards that hunt the weak wi' wolfish cry,
And tune their harps to glorify the strang:
Nae doubt Antiquity gies license to thy sang.

Some aughteen centuries hae come and fled
Since awful truth stood forth to save the poor,
And ane that hadna where to lay his head,
Wi' her alone strak wide their prison door.
Reproach and poverty he patient bore,
For what? To raise whom man had trampled down,
And on the cross keen scoffs and satire sore
Were hiss'd into his dying ear—that soun'
Was a' their gratitude except the thorny crown.

The working millions must and shall prevail!

Nae new discovery this to them or me—

Tho' now they're stupified wi' sair travail,

Toil fills their e'en wi' stour they scarce can see.

But one has sworn wha cannot, will not lee,

That ev'ry power, all names that mankind name

With homage shall, to one NAME bow the knee,

And the despiteful, cover'd, whelm'd with shame,

Shall perish, king, priest, bard, their doom the same.

Rin fast and hide yoursel's, ye tinsell'd band,
A heavy storm has threaten'd you this while;
Some flaughty draps proclaim the shower at hand,
The sun on you again shall never smile.
Swith' o'er the ferry, to calm Lethe's isle,
Tak' books and claise, bombast and vanity,
Oblivion can shelter a' the pile—
Longer to bide the chance is wild insanity,
The shower o' modest books will drive you to inanity.

See yonder loathsome corse, that taints the gale,
A player's garb its feckless winding sheet;
He died because his rancorous jokes got stale,
And common sense he could nae langer cheat.
At jeerin' labor he could ne'er be beat,
An' showin' aff her sons as rogues and fools,
Yet crouch'd, like a whipt cur, at tyrants' feet:
Here frien's o' decency get picks an' sho'els,
Howk deep, an' co'er Will Shakspeare wi' the mools.

Guid morning, honest carls, where do ye won,
I'm unco pleas'd to see your blithsome faces;
My certain in guid earnest ye've begun
To mak' a redment in gay thro'ther places.
I see that Eugene Sue the fause priests chases,
While ye, warm-hearted, honest Charlie Dickens,
Display the poor folks' unshell'd precious graces,
An' droll wee Punch laughs when he deals out kickin's.
He gars our faes guffaw even when they get their lickin's.

Na; na, frien' Rab, thou sees I'm no my lane,
I hae guid will, but giants guide the wier;
Daily accessions to the ranks we gain,
An' soothly, its high time that thou was here.
A better heart, or ane less fash'd wi' fear,
Or brighter, never beat in human bosom;
Only begunk'd by fame, that common leear,
On thy account fiends laugh when I expose 'em,
Girn ye vile ugsome elves, ye're sure to lose 'im.

But I hae news—a brither frae the Wast—.
Where born and educate ye needna spier,
Has gi'en your fame and mine an unco blast
On Scotia's trumpet, sang too, peace be here!
I hae na been as proud this mony a year,

For he's a man o' sense, an' tills the grun, An' eats frae labor's han' nae lenten cheer. Ye say ye've quat, but surely ye're in fun, I thought our correspondence scarce begun.

JAMES M. MORRISON.

91 North Sixth Street. \ Philadelphia, June, 1846. \

FOR YE HON'D HANDS OF COLONEL ALEXANDER, YEDITOR OF THE CHRONICLE.—THESE:

Rex.—Quidnunc?
Can.—Ne exeat regnum.

Ledger.

DEAR Colonel, dress the auld Scotch corner
In grief's black lines, a loss by or'ner,
Has made ilk kindly Scot a mourner,
In Quakerdom;
But wha then me is left forlorner?
Rab Clark's gaun home.

That waefu' Tariff is the cause—
I wuss 'twere stapit down the hause
O' them that meet to mar the laws
Rather than men' them.
Show me a set o' men mair fause—
That's if ye ken them.

A wabster dawdin at the lay,
Frae morning dark to evening gray,
Could scarcely earn a weekly pay
O' bare three dollars!
Can that keep bairn's gabs under way,
And mak' them scholars?

But now they'll scarce get muslin kail,

Nor maun to keep their claithin' hale—

The win' will mock their worn sark tail

Out through their breeks;

Lantrons henceforth will meet nae sale—

They'll use their cheeks.

Aye, ye may laugh, ye Paisley bodies,
Frae you we now maun buy our duddies—
We're voted into naked scuddies
By George M. Dallas,
And back, Rab Clark, upo' the road is
Prince o' good fellows.

Ah! Peel, nae doubt ye're vera cunnin'.

Through Britain's cloud ye've let the sun in,
Ye've selt the privilege o' gunnin'
In Oregon,
For every Yankee wabsters wunnin'—
Waes me, ohon.

If ye but wanted back our Robin
Ye might hae put your neive your fob in,
An' gi'en our frien' a canny job in,
Say the excise;
Na!—ye maun stap your greedy gob in
Our hame supplies.

We offered him a blaud o' lan',
That pleughin, he micht try his han',
And sae hae routh at his comman',
To tak' and gie;
But fields are spoil'd when plewed and saw n,
In poets' e'e.

Ah, Colonel, were they a' like you
That haud the stilts o' the State plew,
Our good auld tariff for the new
Had ne'er gi'en way,
And we the absence wadna rue
O' Rab the day.

Men wha made siller like sclate stanes,
Out o' the flesh, blood, soul, and banes
Of folk like Rab, wi' heavy granes,
Now shake the lift—
They'll beg, or tak' to nappin' stanes,
To mak' a shift.

They'll nae mair cleed their wives in silk,
Their daughters now maun hawkies milk,
Wi' faces screwed up like a wilk,
Wi' sour disgust;
But wha the stern decrees can bilk
O' Mrs. Must.

While Rab is clad in braw warm plaiding,
And ruffled linen sark taks pride in,
For shame our carcages maun glide in
The rocky caves,
Or else we'll dook our gaizened hide in
The modest waves.

Towns now are shut to working men—
We'll hae to dwall in desert glen,
Eat nuts and slaes to mak' a fen',
Or venison,
While sheep's head kail feeds Rab agen—
Ait cake and scone.

Douglass, sae tender and sae true, Ye hae nae frien' to write to noo; Rab's soul's fill'd wi' the mountains blue O' Caledon—

He'll care nae mair for me or you

Than stock or stone.

McCammon's age has lost a stoop—
Better his cogue had lost a hoop;
His canty heart I fear will droop,
In spite of drink—
His tunefu' muse will tak' the roop
For grief, I think.

If it's ordain'd we nae mair see him,
May every happiness gang wi' him—
(Alas! I've naething else to gie him

But earnest wishes,)

And may sweet poesy ne'er lea' him

For loaves and fishes.

But, Colonel, I can write nae mair—
I maun begin to tear my hair,
Down on the groun', on hurdies bare,
And runkled claise;
Wha noo will light, wi' genius rare,
This darken'd place?

JAMES M. MORRISON.

TO MR. JAMES M. MORRISON.

Wi' something pleasing, something new, Baith to the senses and the view, The faithfu' Messenger sae true, Shines wi' the best: But, Jamie, what's been writ by you Taps a' the rest.

Yer correspondent, Robin Clark,
Sae glecky, flighty, keen, an' stark,
He soars as lofty as a lark
In mornin' early—
To see a sample o' his wark
I'm ravish'd fairly.

As you and he live near thegither,
Nae doubt but aft ye meet wi' ither,
Then ye can sing o' braes o' heather,
Where aft, sae gay,
Ye've roam'd, wi' hearts as light's a feather,
In life's young day.

Priests like to rail 'gainst ither's crimes,
An' politicians 'gainst the times,
An' misers wi' their cents an' dimes,
To swell their treasure,
But poets, clinking at their rhymes,
Taste purer pleasure.

'Tis age the way that bard to bard,
Tho' by the warld aft used fu' hard,
An' tho' they meet a poor reward
For a' their bother,
They hae a frienly warm regard
For ane another.

I've wander'd monie a wearie round,
An' nae place in this warld I've found,
Whar social glee does mair resound,
In hamespun lays,
Or youthfu' hearts do lighter bound,
Than Scotland's braes,

Sweet land, whar peace an' plenty reigns,
I'll ne'er forget the merry strains
I caroll'd thro' thy fragrant plains.
Whar gowans grew,
Whar smiled sae monie happy swains
An' lassies true.

Tell neebor Rab, the rhyming chiel,
Wi' a' my heart I wish him weel;
Gin I could up Parnassus speel
As spry as he,
Nae wealthy lord nor duke could feel
As proud as me.

Whan rhyming wights are brought to view,
An' widely famed like Rab an' you,
Then ithers o' the scribbling crew,
Baith far an' near,
Hae aye about the favor'd few,
Something to spier.

Then tell me, Jamie, whar ye're frae,
Whether yer dull inclin'd or gay,
Or, like mysel', stiff, poor, an' gray,
Or spry an' healthy,
Or gif ye strut in grand array,
Fat, fair, an' wealthy.

But ane like you, wha rhymes sae rare,
Does seldom fortunes favors share;
When maist he wants her fostering care
She's sure to shun him;
Then grief an' woe, an' fell despair,
Prey keenest on him.

As for mysel' ye need na doubt
But I wi' care had monie a bout,
An' tho' I've aye been firm an' stout,
An' shifty too,
I've monie a time been put to route,
In piteous stew.

Yes! monie a weary day I've had,
An' been by crosses near set mad;
An' monie a time I've took the pad
On worn out stumps,
An' wandered penniless an' sad,
In doleful dumps.

Here are we bless'd wi' peace an' plenty,
Wi' auld wives cracky, crouse, an' canty,
An' politicians vain an' vaunty,
An' priests sae funny,
But rhyming wights are unco scanty,
As weel as money.

Then, were ye only here wi' me,
An' sweet tongu'd Rab, wha sings sae free,
Dull care an' sorrow, hence might flee,
Toss'd tapsalteeri;
Nae land could shaw anither three
Mair blithe an' cheery.

I'd tune anew my weel gaun fiddle,
On which I like to jink an' diddle;
L—d, man how you wad loup an' striddle,
An' quite forget the weary widdle
O' wardly woe.

Here, at the fit o' every hill,

We had a reaming weel gaun still,

Whar we'd sit down wi' right guid will,

Sae blithe an' frisky,

An' tak' a happy hearty fill

An' tak' a happy, hearty fill
O' roaring whiskey.

O, whiskey! choicest gift o' heaven,
That is to weary mortals given,
Thou makest us pure as snaw new driven,
An' plump an' pluff!
Without thee what's our other livin'
But tasteless stuff?

Thou art the poor man's only treasure,
At hame or field his dearest pleasure;
When sair at wark, or at his leisure,
His wee drap gill
Gars sweetest joys in ample measure,
Come pouring still.

Without thee, friendship's dark an' doure,
Love fickle as the April shower,
Still time suspends, wi' heavy glower,
Our empty glasses;
But, bless'd wi' thee, the lightsome hour
Right merrily passes.

Sae, Jamie, noo I'll write na mair,
As paper I hae nane to spare;
Thro' thick an' thin aye may ye fare,
Baith blithe an' funny,
Guid scone to eat, hale breeks to wear,
An' routh o' money.

Moses McCammon.

Spring Hill, NEAR Moreland, Vayne county, Ohio, June 16, 1846.

ANSWER TO MR. MOSES McCAMMON.

"PERHAPS it may turn out a sang, Perhaps turn out a sermon."

BURNS.

Canty auld carl o' the woods,
We gat your welcome greetin',
An' Rab an me hae quat the scuds,
An' had a frienly meetin'.
We felt your compliment to baith
To be a most complete ane,
So vowed in heart to 'gree till death
Shall row our banes a sheet in,
Some antrin day.

And so, tho' farmer wark's sae slavish,
As gomeril townsfolk think,
It lets you sing like an auld mavis,
An' no on poortith's brink.
Good troth, there's little music there,
For, gin the wame should sink,
Frae the toom bag nae dron well rair,
Nor muckle crambo clink
On Banyan day.

I ne'er was muckle gi'en to growl,
And envy I ne'er kent it;
But it requires a giant soul
In want to feel contented.
And that ill coin, uncertainty,
Back maist as soon's ye've spent it,
Gars ain begrudge to live an' dee,
As God sure never meant it
Should be ae day.

Here we, like mockin' birds encaged,
May sing as lang's we're fed,
Whilk's just the season we're engaged
In toilin' at our trade.
Steek the cage door, forget the bird,
And let the doom be said—
"There's nae mair wark," and, tak' my word,
Baith bird and bard are sped
Alike that day.

The earth's a treasure house, pang'd fu'
O' siller, beef, an' grain;
Strong robbers guard the door, its true,
An' use it as their ane,
But folk like you can take their share,
Malgre the gate o' stane,
The "open sesame" is nae mair
Than "speed the plough" and plain
Guid sense the day.

Ye're nae magician, yet ye've guess'd
(A' guess when they come here,)
Your correspondent's no possest
O' muckle goud an' gear;
But mark, his muse is no to blame—
No, no, my trusty fier,
A cause that burns his cheek wi' shame,
Has kept him in the rear
O' wealth ae day.

Ye speir what neuk o' Caledon
Beilded my infancy—
Ken ye the place where Clutha's han'
Is stretch'd to wed the sea?

There auld Dunbarton, lyart carle,
Keeps guard, arm'd cap-a-pie;
Feckless wi' eild he dares the warl',
As bauld's he did, perdie,
In Wallace's day.

Some aught mile farther down the Clyde,
Blooms mony a wooded dell;
Sweet peace lies sleepin' by the tide,
Lull'd by the Sabbath bell.
Yet I hae mind when every glen'
Conceal'd a whiskey stell,
And bonny mays and stalwart men
Look'd likest fiends o' hell,
Wi' drink that day.

That drink is some folks' only pleasure
Ye say—nae doubt its true,
For moral men there's aye a treasure
O' blessings fresh and new;
But Bacchus' vot'ry stripped bare,
Till ance he's roarin' fou—
His heaven on earth is gaunt despair,
His angels devils blue,
By night and day.

The best o' folk may be mista'en,
And you I dinna blame;
In praising drink ye're no your lane,
To Scottish poet's shame.
But if they sinn'd they suffer'd sair,
And their resplendent fame
Is nane the brighter that a skair
O' reek rise wi' the flame
Sae clear the day.

McCammon, Clark, and Morrison,
If e'er the three should meet,
They'll need nae drink to egg them on—
To twa thou 'lt be the treat.
Dutch courage on the field o' fame,
Nae soldier likes to see 't;
And whiskey wit's a spunky flame,
A flash, but light or heat,
To warm yon day.

And first a curse and then a prayer,
Syne Rum I've done wi' thee,
May God destroy thee, hide and hair,
For what thou's done to me.
May they that mak' thee 'scape in time,
May change folk ruin flee,
And drinkers stupid, steep'd in crime,
Mak' ane o' classes three,
A' saved ae day.

O' Rab, think a' that should be said
To picture out a man,
A carcage, tall, yauld, shouthers braid,
Like chieftain o' a clan;
His soul a gem, for sic a case
Takes rank in genius' van,
At least that chiel will hae a race,
And be worth ca'in' gran'—
Beats Rab ae day.

Anent mysel' the less that's said Will be the sooner mended; That soul and body soon be red O' faults may mercy send it. Tho' sin I never ettled it,

The good I so well ken'd it;
I pray, ere life be settled yet,
I may far better spend it

Than life's young day.

JAMES M. MORRISON.

91 North Sixth Street. \\ Philadelphia, July, 1846.

TO JAMES M. MORRISON.

Altho' I am a lonely wight,
Pent in the woods, deep out o' sight,
An' tho' I drudge frae morn till night,
Shabby an' blue,
A verse or twa I mean to write,
Jamie, to you.

'Tis bauldness in a rustic swain

To bother wi' his lowly strain,

A bard wha owre proud bards might reign,

O' high degree;

But yet for a', he'll maybe deign'

To answer me.

I hae to learning nae pretence—
Guiding the pleugh or building fence,
I gathered up the wee bit sense
I hae o' rhyming;
Sae, Sir, ye see, nae great expense
Attends my chiming.

A birkie o' yer time o' day, Whas tun'd his pipes sae lang, sae gay, A manuscript maun surely hae
O' monie pages,
Wad mak' a book o' purest ray—
Wad shine for ages.

Then Jamie, gif ye get it prented,
Nae doot but what ye'll get it vented—
There's scarcely ane o' cash sae stented
But, whan they spy it,
Will wi' its merits be contented,
An' gladly buy it.

Fortune to bards aft proves untrue,
An' aft, nae doot, she's jilted you;
But try her ance, an' bring to view
A publication;
Favors she'll maybe round you strew,
An' heeze yer station.

Then dinna lag behind or saunter,
But keep yer Pegassus at canter
An' tho' awa 's poor Rab the ranter,
Midst fun an' drinkin',
Yet never droop, nor hain yer chanter,
But aye keep clinkin'.

A muse like yours, o' gentle mein,
Frae vulgar dross sae purg'd an' clean,
'Gainst ithers faults, wi' scornfu' spleen,
Ne'er heard to yelp;
But saft an' mild, an' nae way gi'en
A fool to skelp;

Will meet wi' men baith far an' wide, Will even strive her faults to hide, An' kindly tak' her to their side,
An' by the han',
An' roose her up, mak' her the pride
O' a' the lan'.

Had I sic book upon my shelf,
Nae miser o' his weel saved pelf,
Nor auld wife o' her glitterin' delf,
Could prouder be,
Ohio could na show an elf
Sae rich as me.

What joy its to the workin' wight,
When drear an' cauld 's the winter night,
To seat him by the ingle bright,
Wi' book in han'.
The monarch tastes na sic delight,
Wha rules the lan'.

His wifie, drivin' at her spinnin',
As gif a race for life she's rinnin';
The lasses at their knittin' grinnin',
Snirtin' wi' glee;
Nae warrior, whan he's warls a winnin',
Can happier be.

A man wha has a wife to share
His comforts an' his carpin' care,
Should never murmur nor despair
At prospects dreary,
But rattle on thro' foul thro' fair,
An' aye be cheery.

Poor ladies, aye sae kind an' true, Wha roam wi' us the cauld warl through, Whan ills betide an' cares ensue,

We should employ

A' means, an' do what we can do

To find them joy.

We're aften in an eerie swither,
As life's rough waves we stem thegither;
Fu' monie an adverse squall we weather,
An' breaker too,
But whan we kindly join wi' ither,
We warsl through.

I'm wae to think that Clark has ta'en
His gaet across the dreary main;
Somethin', I fear, the doughty swain
Has much provoket;
He has, nae doot, against the grain.
Been harshly stroket.

Whan auld John Bull begins to damn,
An' gars him cower as still 's a lamb,
An' somethin' down his weason cram
He can't digest,
He'll wish him back wi' Uncle Sam,
In 's cozie nest.

Gif e'er ye see the wanderin' wight,
Or find a chance to him to write,
Tell him I pray wi' a' my might
An' a' my skill,
For his success baith day an' night,
Gang where he will.

An' auld Rab Douglass, whan ye see him, My compliments I'd hae ye gie him; May dool an' sorrow ever flee him,

Blithe canty carle—
Glad wad I be were I but wi' him,

To share his farl.

Lang may he live, frae sorrow free,
Wi' nae remorsefu' deeds to dree,
Blest wi' sweet health; aye, fou o' glee,
In wealth to wallow.
He is, nae doot, in each degree,
A croose auld fellow.

O! could I hear his crack sae antic,
An' yours, amang these glens romantic,
Chaps never cross'd the wild Atlantic
Wad lighter spring—
The folk's aroun' wad think us frantic,
To hear us sing.

To gie our jokes a sweeter zest,
We'd tap a barrel o' the best;
You, in the pumps demurely drest,
Might do the thinkin',
Whilst Rab an' I, mair happy blest,
Wad mind the drinkin'.

Whan piercin' ills are hard to bide,
An' fickle fortune 'gins to chide,
'Mang a' the crosses that betide,
We'll no despair,
Whan, roarin' at the barrel side,
We drown our care.

An eastern wight is much to blame, Blest wi's weet bairnies an' a dame, Ere he gets gouty, auld, an' lame,
Wad not invest
His wee bit cash in some bit hame
Far in the West.

'Tis true his lot is hard enough
Wha clears the forest hard an' rough—
He should be o' the best o' stuff,
And firmly made;
He stands fu' monie a sturdy cuff
Ere he gets paid.

An independent state to gain,

He works wi' a' his might an' main,
Nor scorchin' heat, nor cauld nor rain,
Create him fears,
An' soon a spot he ca's his ain,
Smilin' appears.

An' whan his calants tak' the rig
Amang the lave to stand fu' trig,
To reap, to mow, to grub, to dig,
An' wield the flail,
Then quietly he at ease may ligg
Whan auld an' frail.

Hope wiles alang the weary wight,
Gars future prospects aye seem bright,
An' tho' they aft prove dark as night,
An' flee like smoke,
An' leave us here in dolefu' plight,
To dree the yoke—

Yet, aye it glimmers up again, An' intercedes to soothe our pain, An' noo it tells me, plump an' plain, I need na fear But you an' a' yer smilin' train Will yet be here.

I'm unco far frae rich 'tis true,
Nor can I say my wants are few;
But part of what I hae to you
I'll freely grant it;
Yer freenship an' yer crack in lieu,
Are only wanted.

Then, Jamie, wad ye Westward steer,
The road frae a' obstructions clear,
An' naething hae ye got to fear;
An' my auld woman
Will mak' ye ready best o' cheer,
To greet yer comin'.

But noo the hour is wearin' late,

An' I hae rhym'd at unco rate;
The crawin' cock an' drowsy Kate,
My dainty dame,
Admonish me to note the date,
An' gie my name.

Moses McCammon.

Spring Hill, NEAR Moreland, Wayne county, Ohio, Nov. 21, 1846.

ANSWER TO MOSES McCAMMON.

DEAR MAC, tho' men are no a' rogues, Frae shinin' boots to glaury brogues, As some wad hae us think, Yet a true heart, laid frankly bare,
In manly honesty is rare,
And honors pen and ink.
We dread the brand o' "Hypocrite,"
In guid as weel as ill,
And when our hearts in rapture beat,
The sembling tongue is still.
But Moses discloses,
Wi' manly confidence,

Wi' manly confidence, His hielan' warm feelin', And als his common sense.

Frankly I own, my trusty fier,

Sic praise as your's is sweet to hear—

I wish I bruik't it better;

A bard that can as baldly clink

As ye hae done, is nae sma' drink—

For instance, there's your letter.

When ask'd for my certificate,

At Fame's proud temple port,

I'll shaw your letter at the gate,

And tread the awful court.

Nae langer in anger

My rhymes will be rejected;

By drinkers and thinkers

I'll be henceforth respected.

Your kindly offer and advice
To tak' some folk might think was wise,
And micht been, no lang syne;
But now, resplendent in new light,
To guide this blunderin' worl' aright,
Some great reformers shine,
Wha prove that a' our laws and schools
First blind, then lead us wrang,

And that we're a' but rogues or fools—
A weary, worthless gang.
The devil's mair civil
Than cheat us ony mair;
He lea's us or gies us
To bankers, hide and hair.

To get us out o' sic' a scrape
The greatest sacrifice is cheap—
Weel, only steek your e'en,
And open wide your idiot gab,
And what is stappit intil't grab,
Down wi' 't, be 't foul or clean.

Just rin your e'e alang the map
Whar the Pacific roars,
Till in the centre o' it ye drap,
On fair Utopia's shores.

There pleasure but measure,
Reigns as in youth's fond dream,
Nae toilin' or moilin'—
A' work there's done by steam.

Nae sittin' neath your ain grape vine—

"What's mine's my ain, what's your's in mine
Are na' mankind a' brithers?"

If, by sair toil and wise forethought,
For age and sickness ye've saved aught,
Is 't yours mair than anither's?

In this the morals and the creed
Utopian consists,
And but ae bar, we're a' agreed
To stop the scheme exists.

Our days aye sae lazy,
We like to spend in schemin'

We like to spend in schemin',
And talkin' than walkin',
Reform is mair beseemin'.

O! would the Roc auld Sinbad saw Wi' muckle claut bear us awa',

But ony care or toil, And canny, as a thin shell'd egg, Lay us beneath some sunny craig,

Where nature tills the soil.

Land speculators, then, farewell!
And Tariff prappit bosses;
Ye siller sceptr'd tyrants feel,
In us how great your loss is.

Ye slaves now, and knaves now,
Maun do your best without us—
We scorn you and mourn you,
Tho' ye care nocht about us.

Alas! sic luck we ne'er may meet—
Food's like to be the meed o' sweat,
Wi' us as wi' our fathers;
We'll bless God for the sure decree,
That as our day our strength shall be,
Nor heed cat-witted blethers.

Nor heed cat-witted blethers
So aiblins I may prent some rhymes,
Syne daiker to the Wast;
Hope whispers lown o' better times
Than were the waefu' past.

My dortin gart Fortune
Forsake me 'gainst her will—
She wooed me and sued me,
And may be lo'es me still.

Thanks, everlasting thanks, be thine,
Whose mercy, sovereign and divine,
By wondrous adaptation,
Has made thy gifts sae match our need,
And chastisement fit each misdeed—
Thou shin'st forth our salvation.

I've been reprov'd, but not in wrath,
I humbly kiss the rod;
Experience firmly praps my faith,
As well 's the word of God.
The food then, that's good then,
In season I'll receive,
And means too, and friens too,
Like you, I weel believe.

In case my screed due length transcend,
Whilk might the Colonel sair offend,
This verse shall be the last.
Douglass I wish I could incite
To honor me sae far as write—
Giff-gaff binds friendship fast.
To lucky Katherine my respects,
And love frae wife and mither—
Friendship anither screed expects,
Frae thee, "my rhymin brither."
Ill miss you, guid bless you,
Till auld age hurries on,
In glory to store ye:
Yours, J. M. Morrison.

PHILADELPHIA, 3d December, 1846.

TO JAMES BALMAIN, EDINBURGH.

My honest sonsy Christian frien'
Your James shaw'd me a sang yestreen
That brought your image up as clean
To recollection,
As if misca'ed black art had been
Tried to perfection.

O James, how could ye think that I, Could ask or wish that ye should try To blot me from your memory;

I that still cherish

The sweet hours we hae spent owerby; I'd sooner perish.

I saw your calm roun' happy face, On whilk the specs still held their place, The hair, a weel spent manhood's grace, Sae silver white.

Fu' weel can memory's pencil trace, In lines o' light.

Now Poesy has trimm'd her lamp, Love's angel wing screens 't frae the damp, Sae wi' the pair I'll take my tramp, Through Memory's vaults,

O' a' the three Love's no the stamp, That limps or halts.

How swiftly, brightly, I recall Thy happy housefu' Clyde street hall, Wae worth the quarrel made thee fall, Sectarian spite;

The club o' Cain, the dart o' Saul, The deil's delight.

The elder's seat sae meetly filled, There's Andrew Ker in Scripture skilled, And Arch'bald Smith who always stilled The unwary speech,

Baith grave and blameless, not self-willed, And apt to teach.

They strove and they hae won the plea, They fought and gained the victory,

They kept the faith, and steadfastly
Hoped to the end;
Now on the radiant chrystal sea,
In joy they bend.

May our last end be like the just;
The same redeeming blood our trust,
God's word our chart, the port we must
Triumphant gain,
Tho' 'gainst our bark blew every gust
In hell's domain.

Our gaucy deacons ane and a',
Weel qualified to gie awa'
Bawbees that whiles were dreigh to draw,
Wae worth the gear,
Then came a canny word or twa
Frae Mr. Frier.

And then sweet music's heartfelt grace,
Rab Milne's strong, manly, thunderin' bass,
Like heated metal glow'd his face,
Wi' strong emotion,
Wha weel fill'd the precentor's place
Ye hae a notion.

To each loved name I'd gie a verse,
And something in their praise rehearse,
I wat the subjects are na scarce,
Did a' else fit,
"But time," as Bruce said, "to enlarshe,
Doth not permit."

Sic times we ne'er may see again; But why should living men complain? They who have not believed in vain
Have consolation,
That they shall meet on Beulah's plain
But separation.

Here things are managed mair by steam,
Love's methodism it would seem;
Christ in the heart a crazy dream;
So is conversion,
And a' the nightly, daily theme,
About immersion.

Whan Christ set up his kingdom here,
If soon or syne, in whatna year;
King Jamie's bible's but sma' gear,
They plainly shaw,
In Greek and logic, syne i' the rear
They throw't awa'.

There's just three holes in Adam's breeks,
Bye and atour some broken steeks,
And so ilk true disciple seeks
The way to mend 'em,
And finds three metaphysic ekes,
Id faciendum.

The clout ca'd faith is rather sma',
Repentance has a legal flaw,
They're mention'd inter alia,
Like for diversion;
But here's what co'ers doup knees an a'
The rag immersion.

There's seven points uphaud the garment, That's ane for use, sax for adornment; An' noo it tells me, plump an' plain,
I need na fear
But you an' a' yer smilin' train
Will yet be here.

I'm unco far frae rich 'tis true,
Nor can I say my wants are few;
But part of what I hae to you
I'll freely grant it;
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An' I hae rhym'd at unco rate;
The crawin' cock an' drowsy Kate,
My dainty dame,
Admonish me to note the date,
An' gie my name.

Moses McCammon.

Spring Hill, NEAR Moreland, Wayne county, Ohio, Nov. 21, 1846.

ANSWER TO OSES McCAMI

DEAR MAC, Frae shinin

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In manly honesty is rare,
And honors pen and ink.
We dread the brand o' "Hypocrite,"
In guid as weel as ill,
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And tread the awful court.

Nae langer in anger
My rhymes will be rejected;
By drinkers and thinkers
I'll be henceforth respected.

Your kindly offer and advice To tak' some folk might think was wise,

And micht been, no lang syne; resplendent in new light, his blunderin' worl' aright, ome great reformers shine, that a' our laws and schools and, then lead us wrang,

And that we're a' but rogues or fools—
A weary, worthless gang.

The devil's mair civil
Than cheat us ony mair;
He lea's us or gies us
To bankers, hide and hair.

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Nac toilin' or moilin'—
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Reform is mair beseemin'.

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Where nature tills the soil.

Land speculators, then, farewell!

And Tariff prappit bosses;

Ye siller sceptr'd tyrants feel,

In us how great your loss is.

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Maun do your best without us—
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We'll bless God for the sure decree,
That as our day our strength shall be,
Nor heed cat-witted blethers.

Nor heed cat-witted blethers
So aiblins I may prent some rhymes,
Syne daiker to the Wast;
Hope whispers lown o' better times
Than were the waefu' past.

My dortin gart Fortune
Forsake me 'gainst her will—
She wooed me and sued me,
And may be lo'es me still.

Thanks, everlasting thanks, be thine,
Whose mercy, sovereign and divine,
By wondrous adaptation,
Has made thy gifts sae match our need,
And chastisement fit each misdeed—
Thou shin'st forth our salvation.

I've been reprov'd, but not in wrath,
I humbly kiss the rod;
Experience firmly praps my faith,
As well 's the word of God.
The food then, that's good then,
In season I'll receive,
And means too, and friens too,
Like you, I weel believe.

In case my screed due length transcend,
Whilk might the Colonel sair offend,
This verse shall be the last.
Douglass I wish I could incite
To honor me sae far as write—
Giff-gaff binds friendship fast.
To lucky Katherine my respects,
And love frae wife and mither—
Friendship anither screed expects,
Frae thee, "my rhymin brither."
Ill miss you, guid bless you,
Till auld age hurries on,
In glory to store ye:
Yours, J. M. Morrison.

PHILADELPHIA, 3d December, 1846.

TO JAMES BALMAIN, EDINBURGH.

My honest sonsy Christian frien'
Your James shaw'd me a sang yestreen
That brought your image up as clean
To recollection,
As if misca'ed black art had been
Tried to perfection.

O James, how could ye think that I,
Could ask or wish that ye should try
To blot me from your memory;
I that still cherish
The sweet hours we hae spent owerby;
I'd sooner perish.

I saw your calm roun' happy face,
On whilk the specs still held their place,
The hair, a weel spent manhood's grace,
Sae silver white,
Fu' weel can memory's pencil trace,

Now Poesy has trimm'd her lamp, Love's angel wing screens 't frae the damp, Sae wi' the pair I'll take my tramp,

In lines o' light.

Through Memory's vaults,

O' a' the three Love's no the stamp,

That limps or halts.

How swiftly, brightly, I recall
Thy happy housefu' Clyde street hall,
Wae worth the quarrel made thee fall,
Sectarian spite;
The club o' Cain, the dart o' Saul,
The deil's delight.

The elder's seat sae meetly filled,
There's Andrew Ker in Scripture skilled,
And Arch'bald Smith who always stilled
The unwary speech,
Baith grave and blameless, not self-willed,
And apt to teach.

They strove and they hae won the plea, They fought and gained the victory, Tho' sin I never ettled it,

The good I so well ken'd it;
I pray, ere life be settled yet,
I may far better spend it

Than life's young day.

JAMES M. MORRISON.

91 North Sixth Street. \\
Philadelphia, July, 1846.

- TO JAMES M. MORRISON.

Altho' I am a lonely wight,
Pent in the woods, deep out o' sight,
An' tho' I drudge frae morn till night,
Shabby an' blue,
A verse or twa I mean to write,

A verse or twa I mean to write, Jamie, to you.

'Tis bauldness in a rustic swain
To bother wi' his lowly strain,
A bard wha owre proud bards might reign,
O' high degree;
But yet for a', he'll maybe deign'
To answer me.

I hae to learning nae pretence—
Guiding the pleugh or building fence,
I gathered up the wee bit sense
I hae o' rhyming;
Sae, Sir, ye see, nae great expense
Attends my chiming.

A birkie o' yer time o' day, Whas tun'd his pipes sae lang, sae gay, A manuscript maun surely hae
O' monie pages,
Wad mak' a book o' purest ray—
Wad shine for ages.

Then Jamie, gif ye get it prented,
Nae doot but what ye'll get it vented—
There's scarcely ane o' cash sae stented
But, whan they spy it,
Will wi' its merits be contented,
An' gladly buy it.

Fortune to bards aft proves untrue,
An' aft, nae doot, she's jilted you;
But try her ance, an' bring to view
A publication;
Favors she'll maybe round you strew,
An' heeze yer station.

Then dinna lag behind or saunter,
But keep yer Pegassus at canter
An' tho' awa 's poor Rab the ranter,
Midst fun an' drinkin',
Yet never droop, nor hain yer chanter,
But aye keep clinkin'.

A muse like yours, o' gentle mein,
Frae vulgar dross sae purg'd an' clean,
'Gainst ithers faults, wi' scornfu' spleen,
Ne'er heard to yelp;
But saft an' mild, an' nae way gi'en
A fool to skelp;

Will meet wi' men baith far an' wide, Will even strive her faults to hide, An' kindly tak' her to their side,
An' by the han',
An' roose her up, mak' her the pride
O' a' the lan'.

Had I sic book upon my shelf,
Nae miser o' his weel saved pelf,
Nor auld wife o' her glitterin' delf,
Could prouder be,
Ohio could na show an elf
Sae rich as me.

What joy its to the workin' wight,
When drear an' cauld 's the winter night,
To seat him by the ingle bright,
Wi' book in han'.
The monarch tastes na sic delight,

Wha rules the lan'.

His wifie, drivin' at her spinnin',
As gif a race for life she's rinnin';
The lasses at their knittin' grinnin',
Snirtin' wi' glee;
Nae warrior, whan he's warls a winnin',
Can happier be.

A man wha has a wife to share
His comforts an' his carpin' care,
Should never murmur nor despair
At prospects dreary,
But rattle on thro' foul thro' fair,
An' aye be cheery.

Poor ladies, aye sae kind an' true, Wha roam wi' us the cauld warl through, Whan ills betide an' cares ensue,

We should employ

A' means, an' do what we can do

To find them joy.

We're aften in an eerie swither,

As life's rough waves we stem thegither;

Fu' monie an adverse squall we weather,

An' breaker too,

But whan we kindly join wi' ither,

We warsl through.

I'm wae to think that Clark has ta'en
His gaet across the dreary main;
Somethin', I fear, the doughty swain
Has much provoket;
He has, nae doot, against the grain.
Been harshly stroket.

Whan auld John Bull begins to damn,
An' gars him cower as still 's a lamb,
An' somethin' down his weason cram
He can't digest,
He'll wish him back wi' Uncle Sam,
In 's cozie nest,

Gif e'er ye see the wanderin' wight,
Or find a chance to him to write,
Tell him I pray wi' a' my might
An' a' my skill,
For his success baith day an' night,
Gang where he will.

An' auld Rab Douglass, whan ye see him, My compliments I'd hae ye gie him; May dool an' sorrow ever flee him,

Blithe canty carle—
Glad wad I be were I but wi' him,

To share his farl.

Lang may he live, frae sorrow free,
Wi' nae remorsefu' deeds to dree,
Blest wi' sweet health; aye, fou o' glee,
In wealth to wallow.
He is, nae doot, in each degree,
A croose auld fellow.

O! could I hear his crack sae antic,
An' yours, amang these glens romantic,
Chaps never cross'd the wild Atlantic
Wad lighter spring—
The folk's aroun' wad think us frantic,
To hear us sing.

To gie our jekes a sweeter zest,
We'd tap a barrel o' the best;
You, in the pumps demurely drest,
Might do the thinkin',
Whilst Rab an' I, mair happy blest,
Wad mind the drinkin'.

Whan piercin' ills are hard to bide,
An' fickle fortune 'gins to chide,
'Mang a' the crosses that betide,
We'll no despair,
Whan, roarin' at the barrel side,
We drown our care.

An eastern wight is much to blame, Blest wi's weet bairnies an' a dame, Ere he gets gouty, auld, an' lame,
Wad not invest
His wee bit cash in some bit hame
Far in the West.

'Tis true his lot is hard enough
Wha clears the forest hard an' rough—
He should be o' the best o' stuff,
And firmly made;
He stands fu' monie a sturdy cuff
Ere he gets paid.

An independent state to gain,

He works wi' a' his might an' main,

Nor scorchin' heat, nor cauld nor rain,

Create him fears,

An' soon a spot he ca's his ain,

Smilin' appears.

An' whan his calants tak' the rig
Amang the lave to stand fu' trig,
To reap, to mow, to grub, to dig,
An' wield the flail,
Then quietly he at ease may ligg
Whan auld an' frail.

Hope wiles along the weary wight,
Gars future prospects aye seem bright,
An' tho' they aft prove dark as night,
An' flee like smoke,
An' leave us here in dolefu' plight,
To dree the yoke—

Yet, aye it glimmers up again, An' intercedes to soothe our pain, Nations cram'd in four biggit wa's,
Nae tree sae peopled by the craws,
I'll wad the gude town 'gainst creation.—
But to proceed wi' my narration:

Waes me for times destroying power, Waes me for human pride's fell hour; Embrugh, the giant, hoary, stately, Has had his auld coat clouted lately, A hole remains unpatch'd, where stood The homes of Scotland's noblest blood, And piles o' meaningless free stanes Is a' that o' the Bow remains.

Ye mind the house o' Major Wier? Ye do, nae doubt, I needna spier: It empty stood for mony a year, At least so people thocht and said; But folks are whiles a thocht misled. Nane ken'd where piper Mac resided, At least nane ken'd so weel as I did. What pibroch ever skirl'd sae saucy, (As keepin aye the crown o' the causey, Where heroes trod sae martial ance, While burghers trampit the plain stanes,) As Mac's complete Hogal-nam-bo, While marching stately to and fro; And when the sun westward declined, Mac vanish'd wi' his pouch weel lined. Whar did he vanish? into air? No. Bide awee, I'll tell you where, Through devious closses, pens and lanes, A' levell'd now, the Bow he gains; And by a door kent just by three, That's ane that's nameless, Mac and me, He reached ane o' thae secret places Used to deposit smuggled laces,

And other fine sma' boukit wares: Ye'll find sic chambers many wheres. Here in content he ate and sleepit, And a' his bits o' fairlies keepit, Yet took the use o' ha' and chaumer. When in his tirivees to stammer. Where could a dreamin' fool like me Gang to get food for reverie, And be sae sair'd wi' ancient story O' Scotland when in a' her glory, As when MacMurrich, lyart carle. Seated erect on half a barrel, Prov'd that the Scots maintain'd their freedom, Ere Moses cross'd the sea o' Edom. And that for a' was come and gane yet, The Celts will o'er braid Europe reign yet; That a' historians but Buchannan, Were either ignorant or funnin And even venerable George Mac threepit whiles was gien to forge. Portraits o' kings in Holyrood, He said though few were vera good, And braggit that when arts seem'd dead. Ere horny Rome raised up their head, Painters were rife on Scottish ground, Where a' refinements could be found. "There is our music for example," Quo he, "a proof baith clear and ample, It sets me to uphaud its merit, Since I its guardianship inherit, Frae son to sire has come to me, Auld, puir, and friendless, as ye see, A heritage and ancient name, Wad put the Douglass even to shame,

For my forbears ere Fergus rang. Were famous bards in Scottish sang, The chroniclers of history past, A look through future times they cast, Gave counsel grave in war or peace, Bade quarrels among neighbors cease, Held higher place, by far, than kings, Wha erst were thirl'd to their harp strings; Great as the boast is, it's the truth: Leasing has never soiled my mouth. But that a' doubt may be removed, In that auld kist my tale is proved; Tak aff your hat and lift the lid." Wi' reverence, as I was bid, I cross'd the floor to an auld box, Fit lodging place for bugs and clocks; Listed the lid, and doffed my bonnet, For a' I saw I thought to don it. Nae costly gems or rich array, Were glancing in the lamp's pale ray; The kist held naething but a frame, Made o' some wood without a name; A box supporting an upright, Atween the twa ae string drawn tight, And pins where ither cords might warp, Minted the thing had been a harp. To laugh had been a fatal blunder, Mac's hielan' face expected wonder. "What ca' ye this queer auld concern?" "Hand it to me, and ye shall learn," Quo he, as in his hand he took it, And as if into heaven he lookit, Ilk grey hair seem'd a ray o' light, My daffin vanish'd at the sight;

A glow of something mair than youth Came o'er his face, before uncouth, His hamely tartans, patch'd and torn, Seem'd stately robes that bards have worn, Fancy supplied the holly wreath, A face mair fit ne'er glowed beneath; He stretched his right hand up at length, Then struck the string wi' nervous strength. His left, whiles laigh and whiles aboon, Produced a wild unearthly tune, And in the manly, Gaelic tongue, The underwritten legend sung:—

Wild harp o' Caledon, come to the light,
'Mang ettercaps and mice thou'st dwelt ower lang,
Thy strings are snapt, thy polish ance sae bright,
Is dimm'd; to use thee sae was vera wrang.
Thousands o' years made vocal by thy sang,
Might well procured thine age a fitter bield;
It maksna, now thou'rt found, a spectre thrang
O' bards that struck thy chords frae days o' ield,
Ere Homer haver'd, glide o'er teeming fancies field.

Ah weel, indeed, thou play'd'st thy part langsyne!
Virtue the sang, and thou the fitting tune.
The tune we've ta'en guid care to keep in mind,—
The sang some muirland carl at times may croon,
But that our modern bards are far aboon:
A thread o' blue they mix wi' thy pure warp,
Sculduddery and drink are sun and moon
O' poetry wi' them, at good they carp;
Their backsliding reprove; speak spirit of the harp!

When Egypt's ancient Hierophant, In grief forsook Ramèses' fane; When holy oracles as wont
Were sought, alas! but sought in vain;
Tho' on the altar victims lay,
And priests their voices raised on high;
No still small voice, on festal day,
Whispered to man that God was nigh.

What now to NO is office high,
Honor, broad lands and riches great;
Can they the heaven-born mind supply,
Or intercourse with God create?
Regret, dark cloud, now settled down,
And all his soul enwrapt in gloom;
The gates of light before him frown,
No access there but through the tomb.

Not long before his magic lyre,
Could summon Hermes to his call;
Such power possess'd each priestly sire—
A power now lost beyond recall.

In dreams at length the answer came,—
"This is the land of truth no more;
The priest in vain preserves the flame,
In Egypt altars smoke no more.

"The massive column'd temples vast,
Amun forsakes, and now he reigns
Where pillared mountains upward cast,
By his own hand, are mightier tanes.
Thou faithful servant well beloved,
Thy sacrificial office gone,
One gift to show thou art approved,
To thee remains, and one alone.

"Altho' no judgment God discerned,
The Urim shows upon thy breast;
Altho' thou art no longer learn'd
In future knowledge, star express'd,—
Take thou this harp of wondrous tone,
And give expression on its strings,
To every breeze of passion blown,
That bears the heart upon its wings.

"The theme be first the praise of God,
And next, his image seen in men,
High Honor wielding powers dread rod,
Or teaching by the mightier pen.
And O! let nuptial love be praised,
As love has ne'er been sung before,
That viler passion sink, abased,
Unutter'd on that happy shore."

The morning came, the vision fled,
The prophet wakens from his dream;
But wondrous! standing at his head,
A harp is glancing in the beam.

"He enters the dark bosom'd ship,"*
His only friend his daughter fair,
Sorrow stands trembling on her lip,
Her father's safety caus'd the care.
Those spells which awe the demons dark,
Inscrib'd on rolls of rare design,
His only treasure in the bark,
Besides the harp that gift divine.

He cast a spell, the winds arise, Obedient to a secret law;

^{*} Ossian.

Before the gale the good ship flies,

The boisterous sailors mute with awe.

And night and day she holds her course,

Untouch'd by guiding human hand,

Unharm'd by winds, or ocean's force,

At length she nears the distant land.

Around the rocky bulwark rude,

The guardian tides unceasing roar;
On high the shrieking sea-fowls brood,
Disturb'd, in whirling myriads soar;
Within the land are seen afar,
High mountains, snow-capp'd, toss'd to heav'n;
Shatter'd by elemental war,
Their lofty peaks are bare and riven.

But spell direct'd, safely steers
Through many a channel island bound,
The fairy ship, at length she nears
A woody bay and runs aground.
The pearly sands, the rippling wave,
The grass inviting carpet green,
The sturdy oak, whose shadow gave
In glaring day a twilight screen.

They step on land, sea wearied crew,

They stretch their limbs, they taste the stream;
The noble maid, where flowerets grew,

Courts needful rest we well may deem.

She sees a plant in stately pride,

Its bell shaped blossoms spread around,
The lordly shrub its leaflets wide,

Extends to guard its native ground.

With maiden's eager haste she seiz'd, And tore a blossom from the stem; But found that tho' the eye it pleas'd,
A thousand spears protect the gem.
Her cry for aid in slight distress,
Well known to nations far and near—
"Nemo te impune lacess-*
et"—Albin's foes had cause to fear.

No form to cause the maid dismay
Advances swiftly to her side:

A youth whose eyes beam'd like the day,
And fair in early manhood's pride.

A lovely vision met his gaze,
And yet no stranger seem'd the maid,
For half distinct he tried to trace
Her form through memory's distant shade.

The interchange of words denied,
They hold discourse by blush and sigh;
Almira soon becomes the guide
To where her friends and father lie.
But who, with stately steps of age,
Approaches through the bosky screen,
Who but Dalriad's patriarch sage,
Chief Druid Calum Alp Mac Fin.

The youth bent reverently his head,
In filial homage to his sire;
But ere a word his son had said,
The sage's face is lit with fire.
The priest of Amun sees with awe,
The bearer of his sovereign's will,

^{*}I do not know that the ancient Egyptians spoke Latin, I am inclined to think that they did not. But the origin of the motto on the Scottish arms is said to have been something like that mentioned above.

And now before him Calum saw The waking sight a dream fulfil.

By tokens only known to those,
Who trod the mystic courts of old,
Each to the other can disclose
His mind, the whilst their palms enfold.
Soon Calum Og, with joyful haste
Dispatched on hospitable care,
Brings back a following, that the guest
In honor may the banquet share.

Afar on continent and isle,
Necessity, stern guide, has led
My steps, pursuing fortune's smile;
False phantom that deceived and fled.
But where do ocean's arms surround,
Or mountain chain enclose a shore,
A more romantic spot of ground,
Than from Gareloch to bold Ardmore.

And there within the bowers of oak,
Was held their solemn revelry.
The land was bless'd; the bard thus spoke:
"Here peace shall rest, if peace can be."
And yet the shepherd on the hill,
Trusts in that blessing steadfastly;
Peace was, and peace continues still,
Between Lochlomond and the sea.

Then swift around the sacred grove,
Convenes each rugged Scottish tribe;
And wond'ring heard the voice of love
A Paradise on earth describe.

And dearer to each hunter bold,

Became his sweet heart from the lay;

Fierce yells and tears his rapture told,

As home with joy he went his way.

Why should I tell of happy years,
Who e'er unhappy lived with Love;
Amidst the desert he appears,
It blooms like Paradise above.
And sweetly smiled the groves that day,
Almira clasp'd young Calum's hand,
And follow'd smiling on the way,
To Dun-na-Bhaird's enchanting strand.

And there from happy whispering ghosts,
And murmuring winds in caverns hoar,
Murrich, so call'd by Albin's hosts,*
Acquired of sounds still loftier lore,
And when fair sporting in the beam,
His grandchild joyous lisp'd the song,
He augur'd that the vocal stream
Should through his race run swift along.

Bright, gushing, sparkling, stream of sound,
How clear and joyously it steered,
When mirror'd on its depths profound,
The star of Bethlehem appeared.
Macmurrich now from Culdee's cell,
In God taught songs the story told,
How peace on earth, to man good will,
The character of God unfold.

^{* &}quot;Fo Muireach Afric." Val. Irish Grammar, pp. 13.

In after years both bard and harp,
Have meanly cring'd to wealth and power.
To sow dissension, truth to warp,
By boasting vain and satire sour.
What wonder that my polish bright
Should fade beneath the lecher's touch,
Or that a cord fails 'neath the might
Of maudlin drunkard's reckless clutch.

Yet song shall live; the land long blest
Shall waken from the sleep of years;
By holy arms shall yet be press'd,
The harp long loved by ancient seers.
One string is left, and while it holds,
I'll speak, though tiresome be its clang;
The future its dark veil unfolds,
And holy bards in rapture—bang!

Gaed the string, the last, the staunchest chord,
MacMurrich cloited backward on his doup:
No without Gaelic blessings tak my word,
He on his legs again did quickly loup.
Quo he, "the frame has met nae scaith I houp.
"No, no," quo I, "it's 'scaped hail and fier,
Baith it and you could stan' a harder coup,
And Albin's music too, we needna fear,
Though sairly down the wind, its head shall soon uprear."

ALAS FOR THE GAEL.

Ah! sadly, dowily I sing,
When thinkin' on the noble Gael;
No slight distress from him can wring
A helpless piercing wail.

Poor Jenny sits wi' downcast e'e, Sae weak she scarce can turn her wheel; The rose is shed, and her brow sae hie, Is stamp'd wi' famine's seal.

Bold Donald looks on the faithless earth,
And despairingly on sun and stairns,
As he thinks upon his cheerless hearth,
And bitterly prays "Lord feed my bairns."

And here, in a fat and pleasant land,
The thistle droops in the balmy air,
And St. Andrew leans his chubby hand
On his cross without a care.

SCOTTISH MUSIC.

RITTEN IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE LUGU-BRAY-SIONS OF THE LEDGER BEFORE MR. TEMPLETON'S FIRST VISIT TO PHILADELPHIA.

TAM. Its comin noo, Jenny bring the cuitty. - Scotch Comedy.

The Ledger folk hae ta'en the gee,
Against us and the North Countrie,
That we might thole and bear a lee
Tauld on oursel;
But to abuse our minstrelsie,

Is rather snell.

They say our tunes are ower chromatic,
Either ower sharp or else ower flat-ic,
Fit only for the pipes and bratac
O' Hieland clans,
Canary birds, or cats lunatic,
Or Mussulman's.

What pipe first play'd "Ye banks and braes;"
What chanter skirl'd the "Border lays,"
Or dron first grunted forth a bass
To "Scots wha hae;"
Or brayed the depth of Ettric's waes
For Flodden day.

Learn sense for ance, O Ledger chiel;
The pipes were made to roar and squeel,
When Hielandmen held pointed steel
At foemen's throats;
But love, whilk Scots sae deeply feel,
Wants smoother notes.

When Jock met Jenny late at e'en,
Beneath the thorn on gowany green,
Their virtuous love, nought warse to screen,
Frae public e'e,
The pipes a thought ower loud wad been
For company.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
Tho' here contented wi' our lot;
For ane I say that they shall not
While green grow rashes,
Therefore resent, each kindly Scot,
The Ledger's clashes.

Gawin Douglass' spirit, is it gane?
Has Davie Lindsay writ in vain?
Oh for Rab Burns's caustic pen,
For ae five minutes;
I'd gar them wish they'd lat alane
Our tunes and sonnets.

We've been weel used by Uncle Sam,
We a' admit, sin' e'er we cam,
Bye aiblins when ane took a dram
And brak' the peace.
Behavin' waur than sons o' Ham,
Like wud brute beas'.

He puts our tune to holy uses,
Sings "Duddy Breeks" in's meeting houses;
And shall we let ilk cuif that chooses,
Say Uncle's wrang,
Because the kindly carle rooses
An auld Scotch sang.

His jails, he kens we seldom bother;
His almshouses, what Scot wad go there?
Office we dinna hunt, and so there's
Nae cause o' differ,
And music makes our union smoother,
And friendship stiffer.

Though Scots can weel perform their part, I'll no say they excel in art;
But when was Italy thought smart
At real things?
Can she like Scotia touch the heart
And sound its strings.

Italia worships like an ape;
Chance gies her politics their shape;
But images whilk she sells cheap,
And als her tunes,
They're manufactured for the Pape,
Like bands and gowns.

Scots like nae marble lips t' embrace, Nor care for painted donna's grace; The speaking blood we like to trace, Beneath the skin O' our kind dearies' modest face And dimpled chin.

Her voice in some quiet flowery glen,
Blending wi' that o' honest men,
Wi' whom in heaven we hope to spen'
Ages o' praise,
Ye ne'er heard music's soul till then,
In a' your days.

Nae skirlin Roman runegate,
Without a heart, immasculate,
Frae fiddler Nero till this date,
Or bauld signora;
Could make the spirit so elate
Wi' " pro nobis ora."

Then quat, O Ledger, tune and sonnet;
Stick to your Latin. While I'm on it,
Omnem potentiam mentis ponat
To construe richt;
Sileant ranæ, cælum tonat,
Wi' classic light.

ON DRINK.

Hazl! sonsy, sleekit, douce Philander, The Royal George ye mought command her, At least in grog ye could hae fand her And sent to Hell,

A' roarin' fou to Cliuty' brander

Her crew pell mell.

Faith ye hae found the gait at last To break the hungry dragon's fast, Until we prey he's nearly brast;

And no the lean anes:

But o' the vera Bramin caste,

The fed and clean ones.

As ratton's ken the long used trap That on their forebears they've heard snap; So gentle folk that like a drap

Will no gae in,

Where nought is gawn but apple crap

Or common gin.

Ye're sure, Sir, "Clean breeks scorns the air O' sanded floor and aught fip chair;" So ye hae managed to prepare

A saft seat for him;

An' works o' art and pictures rare

Dulce et decorum.

As Venus raise up frae the shell, Beauty sets ope the door o' hell. Aye Saunders ye can soothe richt well

The conscience colic;

Ye beat the Diel, or Ovid's sel'.

Or Doctor Hollick.

If deep damnation be the lot O' vending chappins for a grot, To some wood-sawing nigger sot,

What's his that barters

For gain, the brightest minds we've got

At braw Head Quarters.

At God's most righteous bar ye'll stand,
A moral paper in your hand,
Victims of lust a ghastly band
Shall stand behind you.

Justice before we' flaming brand

Ready to grind you.

The curse of youth nipped in the bloom,
Of genius hurried to the tomb,
Discoveries vast, lost in the gloom
Of drunken night,

Shall shape and form that day assume, To plead for right.

And Davie ——, my countryman, Wi' bluid o' Scotchmen on his hand; Adorn'd wi' oyster shells shall stand To take his turn,

His slain will make a starker band Than Bannockburn.

For God's sake, man's sake, steek your door;
Wash aff the clots that stain your floor;
By showing mercy to the poor
And the distrest,

Your conscience that now gnaws so sore

May yet hae rest.

A DEFENCE

OF THE MINISTERS OF THE FREE KIRK OF SCOTLAND ANENT
"THE SILLER."

Domini Reverendissimi,
I mint wi' great humility
To do, for whilk, it's like I'll smart,
The best I dow to tak' your part,

"That siller's" caused an unco clatter And din, on baith sides o' the water. Frae ony kennins I've o' hame, They take snell freedoms wi' your name, And when the Free Kirk's mention'd here Its ave companion to a sneer; And cautious presbyterian dugs Keep their tails down and hing their lugs, Nor shaw their teeth, nor bark, nor cheep, Altho' the wolf's amang the sheep; Sae the puir flock they thus compel To keep the dogs and bark themsel. But first a word apologetic, In case weak saunts should think heretic The interference of lay hans', On this "res sacra;" what man stans' On etiquette, when reverend eild Frae fire or flood requires a shield? And what's mair auld or feckless either Than Scotland's kirk our palsied mither? Tho' a' the Lothian's were displeased Sic fiery zeal on Armstrong seized, Likewise on Burns and Cunningham, That o'er the raging main they came, And gied their Scottish pride a jerk, And begged to uphaud the kirk. Nae doubt they're o' the reg'lar core, And had a call divine therefore: But when the army's rather few, We try what volunteers can do, Sae when your kind slave-holding brethren. Wanted mair grun their stock to tether-in, Despising northern hints sarcastic. Made war upon the sons of Aztec,

(Poor fools! they try to stop the intrusion Of our peculiar institution.) Altho' our regular troops behave As if ilk soldier own'd a slave, Yet when our volunteers gaed bizzen, They fought as each had own'd a dizen. Like Harry Wynd, they understand What fechtin is for their ain hand; Folk till the grun for what it yields them, And tentiest guard the bush that bields them, Except the ministers, their zeal Is a' for our eternal weel; An' mine, of course, has for its end The altars servants to defend. So much for mine apology For mellin wi' theology. And now I'll gie minute inspection To each antagonist's objection. Objection first. 'Tis said that Moses Wi' ither moral truths discloses, That price o' dog and hire o' whore Ne'er cross the tabernacle door. That baith are an abomination, Held by the Lord in execration. Yet 'gainst the statute sae provided And made, and by the devil guided, Ye gather'd siller frae baith sources, For whilk on Scotland's kirk a curse is. For, letting sleepin dogs lie still, The hire implies a monstrous ill; Bond-women, light or darkly shaded, Are legally to sin degraded; Are in the market sold for lust, From honorable wedlock thrust;

Their offspring often ken nae father But sire and owner baith thegither, And this nae solitary case, But open and avow'd disgrace; And that weel kennin crime and law. Frae that the siller came an' a' Did then and there, in southern poopit, Scraigh for sic gear till ye were roopit; And therefore in the matter cited Ye're guilty proven as indited. Answer. Before mair proof we try, What say you to expediency? Put that and a' your cash thegither, Then point it out frae ony ither. When auld Vespasian raised the win', On water, Titus made a' din, And said 'twas an unmensefu' way For p-g to make subjects pay: Young folk are aye sae vera wise, But age learns folks to be less nice. Vespasian took some frae his pose, And held it up to Titus' nose, And spier'd if his nice sense could tell Sic gowd by its uncommon smell. So much I in abatement plead, To plead in bar I still less dread; The wordin' o' the law's express. The "hire" and not "the price" it says; Now 'twas the harlot's "price" that ye got, And no her "hire" for a' they mak' o't; Stick to the letter o' the law. Or dinna middle wi't ava. Objection second, (or ca't count, The words are to the same amount;—)

The law says, If ane steal a man And sell him, or if in his han' He's found, ye'll put the rogue to death, Thief and receptor, equal baith. Now every nigger in the south Is stolen or held contrair the truth, And every man that owns a slave Is on the wrang side of the grave, And legally design'd in brief, By habit and repute a thief, And that (say they) sinners enticed you, And ye did just as they advised you, Cast in your lot and shared their gain, Blood's price, the plunder o' the slain. Answer. The plea in contradiction Is Moses' want of jurisdiction; God bless us a', we arena' Jews, And therefore safely may refuse To keep mair than the Decalogue, Which mentions neither whore nor dog; Were we the whole law to observe, I doubt if but ae wife would serve. We durstna marry black wives either, Then fareweel dark folk a' thegither. But haud, I'm trav'lling frae the record, Some bows hae twa, mine has but ae cord, I was retain'd to plead for you. Na, na, the law would never do, Let us rejoice, the day has broke On poor tongue-tied opprest white folk, In this the latter dispensation Men make the laws that guide the nation, And God for naething further cares But what concerns our soul's affairs,

Just as he takes a day in seven. The ither sax to men are given, And ae man out o' every thousan' To eat "Porcos sacres" is chosen: And so to plead ye might refuse If there's nae law but o' the Jews. Third. That the second covenant Is now in force objectors grant. But as it knows no sept or nation, As special objects of salvation; That as it claims the human race As the recipients of its grace, Because God made of the same blood Noah's descendants since the flood, We're as much bound to love the black. As them wi' black coats on their back. Love neither thinks nor does men ill: Who loves does the whole law fulfil. But when to work our selfish ends, Each moral obligation bends, The hearts o' mothers torn in twain. Ramah's dread curse sear'd in their brain; The wierd o' Israel's guilty king, On sackless husband's hearts to bring; What fruitful fields they plow and sow, Yet never independence know, No human right on earth is left, Of flesh, and blood, and soul bereft, That rich men may grow richer yet, Is a strange way to pay love's debt. That even to hold a slave at a'. Is contrair the New Covenant law. Answer. So Christians ye'd deprive O' gospel liberty believe;

Better to be in legal night Than sic a blink o' gospel light. Auld Abraham himself had slaves, Four hundred arm'd wi' shields and glaives, Forbye their wives and swarms o' weans, Whilk weel our argument sustains; There's statutes in the Pentateuch, The tightest far in the hail book, Defining how men drown'd in debt, Or crime, their shanks in jugs may get; And how if men delight in thrall, Their lug is bored through wi' an awl, In servile souls manhood's disgrac'd, And so God's image is defaced; And till the year of Jubilee, Or till the reigning priest should dee, Nae legal servant could be free. Now as our high priest ne'er can die, Slaves must for freedom vainly sigh; He sp'ritual freedom frankly gies them. Altho' in earthly bonds he leas them, Just as he cured the soul's disease, And calm'd the rage o' sp'ritual seas. Forbye to slaves he's extra kind, By looking at the facts ye'll find For lack o' knowledge white folk perish, But Ignorance is found to cherish The blacks, and wha wad be sic fools As damn them by the use o' schools. Peter exhorts ilk Christian servan' To suffer stripes when undeservan, "And so on them shall glory rest," If stripes save, masters do their best. Paul catch'd a runaway, and gave

Philemon back the captured slave, And o' his charges sent the amount, And ask'd for payment o' the account. "Ca' him beloved brither, on Sunday, And sell him like a nowt on Monday," Quo he "to build the walls o' Zion," That's the Free Kirk ve may rely on. Here our defence I think we'll rest, And modestly I wad suggest, For this disinterested effort, Far be't frae me to hint at pay for't. But Providence or public zeal, Has hized your income unco weel, For part o' that three thousand pound, A gratefu' welcome could be found, But if the cash is scarce,—let's see. Aye; make your counsel L. L. D.

THE WARLOCK WIERD.

ANE AUNCIENT ROMAUNT.

"There were grants in those days."

A wierd warlock came from the East, A grewsome warlock wierd, Malignity shot forth from his eye, And black were his hair and beard.

But blacker still the arts he knew,
To vex frail Adam's line;
Tho' he spilt no blood, yet all that was good
He could charm into curses nine.

He has called with power to the gnomes of the rocks,
To the elves of the woods and sea,
That deep tho' their hate, still deeper yet
He would show how it could be.

Then swift and fierce on the winter's blast Convene that eldrich school, With wing of bat, and with claw of cat, Each monstrous fae and goule.

In a charnel vault they range themselves, Where, festering, lay around,A ghastly crowd, in mildew'd shroud, Polluting the holy ground.

On a coffin sat that warlock wierd,

The newest that was there,

And the goules they sat, and the gnomes did squat,

And the elves hung in the air.

- "We have war'd on men successfully,"
 Began that wizard wierd,
 "But much I dread, from the sounds in my head,
 By men we are not feared.
- "The magic word 'philanthropy,'
 (All quailed when it was named,)
 Is dethroning kings, and meaner things,
 'Cleped slaveholders, are shamed.
- "Your life depends on the mortal hate
 Which man bears to his kind;
 When their hate shall cease and they live in peace,
 Our being an end shall find.
- "But I have dug in the dark coal mine, And have search'd the ocean's cave,

And have made in the sea a discovery Which our dread reign shall save.

"White men were made by Adonai,
(They shook at the holy name,)
But the black, brown, and red, and the woolly head
Had being from the flame.

"The whites are the sons of the Awful One, And may raise their heads in pride— Let this be taught, and the hate we sought Shall spread death far and wide."

Then he put his hand into his pouch,
And he found a thimble there,
And his head he shook, and loud he spoke
These words, AOROO AAMAR.

The thimble leaped upon the floor, And clanking sounds arise, As when base brass we try to pass For gold of Paradise.

The thimble seems a cauldron soon,
A cauldron deep and wide,
And galvanic jars and metal bars
Are in order by its side.

Then he tore a handful of his hair,
And he scattered it on high,
And all fowls, from the wren to the lordly erne,
Into the cauldron fly.

The latchets of his sandal'd shoon
Are venom'd asps and snakes,
And they screw and twist around his fist
As he in the pot them shakes.

His heart gave forth the tiger race,
The lion and grimalkin;
The bat from his eyes uncertain flies,
And they plump the cauldron in.

The hog obscene from his belly roots, The ass starts from his brain, And the oliphant hie by gramarie, Can scarce in the cauldron strain.

Then up and starts the little wee ape,
And a wonderful imp was he,
For he feared the Lord, made a wooden sword,
And could set the cups for tea.

He has touched the levin fire engine,
And lightning gleams around,
And light as day the flames 'gan play
To the arches from the ground.

And soon a column of sportive smoke,
As black as Egypt's night,
Arose and fumed, and soon assumed
Forms wondrous to the sight.

The curling reek spewed curl on curl,

Till it looked like negroes hair,

And the loud "yaw haw," the protrusive jaw,

And the crooked shin were there.

And fun gleamed out from each mild eye,
As they joined in joyous dance,
And they mock'd and jeer'd the warlock wierd,
And to God's free air advance.

Next up in joy leaps the ruddy flame, And strange to see and tell, From its centre warm, a lithe, red form Springs out with a dreadful yell.

His right hand held a curtal axe,
And his left a deadly knife,
And he gasp'd and fear'd, this warlock wierd,
In dread of his wretched life.

But quickly from him the red man threw
The cruel tools of war,
And join'd his hand to the brotherly band,
Who danced in peace before.

And now the flame has ceased to soar, And the white live coals do glow, And from the heaps start awful shapes, As white as the driving snow.

Contempt they cast on the moping ape,
And they pity the warlock wierd;
As they wave their hand in high command,
The boldest goule is skeered.

And then in fellowship they join,
The joyous band before,
And the warlock's form, a poor blind worm,
Crawls lonely the charnel floor.

Then loudly sang that ransom'd band,
High praise to Adonai—
Since peace hath begun through the crucified Son,
Hosanna to God on high.

A SONG.

Alas that we should have to sing, or even have to say, That all our little tricks are done and reason has the sway; It comforts one to call to mind times when it was not so; The days when we went gipsying a long time ago.

In the days, &c.

We ate and drank the very best in cottage and in hall, And paid in blessings, or magic, or did not pay at all; The wholesome fear of ghosts and charms made any coin to go, For the priestly art was gipsying a long time ago.

There was the Corpus Christi pills that every one would buy,
Which in a golden box we kept away from common eye;
That they were made of crumb of bread we did not tell you
know,

It would have spoiled the mystery a long time ago.

And then the holy water trick, and others I could tell, They'd swallow aught however gross to keep them out of hell; Our garments and our sanctity, both which we kept for show, Made every thing go down for truth a long time ago.

But now, and we've ourselves to blame, we left our gipsy king, And said that we could rule ourselves, and so spoil'd every thing;

We showed our hand, and all our gulls to see it were not slow. I fear we'll ne'er be what we were a long time ago.

We yet might stroll in Italy, or in gay France or Spain, But in this rebel land of books, our labor's all in vain; The devil seize republicans, and roast their souls below, As we their bodies for their good, a long time ago. In the days, &c.

GLOSSARY.

Cloit-it, to fall helplessly.

Ajee, awry. Huld furrant, knowing. Aiblins, perhaps. Alenerly, solely. Antrin, random, chance. Atour, 'bye and atour,' over and above Dool, grief. Blaud, a broad piece. Bleeze, to expose in a strong light. Bulibly Jock, turkey cock. Begunk, to befool or deceive. Byre, cow stable. Blethers, nonsense. Belive, by and bye. Burn, a brook. Blaw, to boast, to flatter. Bickers, drinking cups, quarrels. *But*, except, *i. e.* " be out." Bruik-d-it, to bear, to deserve, Rawbee, 6d Scotch, half-penny Ster. Bratac, clan standard. Brast, burst. Bouk-it, bulk size, body. Chiel, fellow. Crambo, doggerel. Clinkum, rhyme. Croon, to hum a tune. Canny, harmless, skilful. Carles, old men. Cuif, clownish fellow. Culler, fresh. Change Folk, rum sellers. Cleeks, hooks, grappling hooks. Camsheugh, crooked tempered. Corbies, ravens. Cauld rife, disposed to coldness. Cogue, a hooped vessel. Canty, cheerful. Claut, claw, a tool with claws. Coup, to overturn. Cuits, ancles. Colly, a shepherd's dog. Crack, familiar conversation. Cuitty, a small tub. Chappin, a quart measure. Cruisie, a lamp. Closses, allies.

 $oldsymbol{Dow}$, to be able. Daidlin, trifling. Douce, grave, respectable. Dree, to endure. Driegh, slow and tough. Dawdin, thumping. Daiker, to walk like a dandy in tight boots. Dortin, coquetting. Doup, the seat. Eather, a viper, adder. Eild, old age, old time. ${\it Ettle}$, design. Eydent, eurnest, industrious. Eerie, ufraid of ghosts. Fletch, to cajole. Forbears, ancestors. Feckless, powerless. *Feckly*, almost. Flee, fly. Fou, drunk. Fash-ous, trouble-some. Flyte, scold. Fernent, opposite. Ferefuirn, deserted, desolate. Ferlies, curiosities. Fier, brother. Gowk, a cuckoo, a fool. Graith, harness. Glower, a foolish stare. Gar, to compel. Gey, used in the sense "pretty." Gyte, mad. Gowps, pulsates violently. Gang, v. to go, n. a band. *Gowde*n, golden. Gab, mouth. Gaizen, to shrivel. Gomeril, an idiot. Glaury, muddy. Gaucy, having the looks of good breeding and feeding. Gear, property. Gee, a fit.

Hale, whole. Haverels, foolish talkers. *Howes*, hollow places, valleys. Hirple, to limp. Harl, to draw as with a rake, quantity. Sark, shirt. Haet, "no a haet," nothing. *Haivers*, twattle, gammon. Hooly, be easy, avast. Haffit, i. e. half head, side face. Har'st, harvest, "a day in har'st," as good as you send. Hoodocks, hooded crows. Howk, dig. Humphie, hump backed. Haivins, good manners. Hawkie, milk cow. Heeze, raise. Hain, save. Hail and fier, whole and in order. Kittle, difficult, mysterious. Kail, vegetable soup, "muslin kail," soup made of water and a rag. Spier, inquire. *Lear*, learning. Lunner, a blow. *Leal*, loyal. Lease, to hatch and spread a lie. $\boldsymbol{\mathit{Lift}}$, the sky. Lown, calm. Lucky, mistress of the house. Lair, grave, common l. poor's burial Tirivees, mad capers. ground. Lyart, gray. Loot, to stoop. Mint-ed, to intend, to attempt. Midden, dunghill. Mools, earth of the grave. Mays, maidens. Neist, next. Nappy, frothing ale. *Neive*, fist. Niuk, corner. Oxster, arm pit. Owerby, over the water. Orra, chance time or thing. Pawky, cunning. Pang, to push or press. Precentor, leader of singing. Peerie winkie, little finger. *Pens*, archways.

Pree, to taste.

Routh, abundance. Roop, pip. Runkle!, creased. Rooses, praises. Skaith, harm. Sic, such. Swither, hesitate, hesitation. Sapple, dirty soapy water. Stieve, staunch. Sheuchs, mud runs, gutte**rs.** Slocken, to quench. Snirtin, giggling. Sonsy, well fed, good natured. *Staw* , surfeit. Snell, sharp. *Sicker* , fast, sure. Scraigh, cry like a bird of prey. Spunk, a match. *Spunkie*, ignu fatu**us.** Swith, quick.! *Scuddy*, in natu**ral**ib**us.** Scud, to slap. Scone, a pliant cake. Steek, to close. Skair, a small quantity. Syne, time, then. Saunter, delay. Threepit, asserted positively. Thirled, legally bound over. Thole, to bear. Tapsalteerie, upsidedown. Tumphies, fat fools. Thue, thuse. Tings, tangs, tongs. Thrapple, wind-pipe. Toomed, emptied. Unco, strange. Waur, worse. Wyte, blame. Winnock, window. Won, to dwell. Wier, war. Weason, throat. Wad, to pledge or wager. Yaud, a mare. I'avld, athletic.





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